

Related to Death Eaters?

by Elynna

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Summary: NON-Cannon. Begins in Harry's 7th year. Battle against Voldemort has not happened yet. Harry meets a special young woman with a dark tale of her own. How will it effect his life? Can Harry find the happiness he long for? Can he allow himself to dream of a future without fear or will this new force in his life cause tragedy to strike too close to home? Drama, and Romance. PLEASE READ

1. Chapter 1

This is a NON-Cannon story. It was written after book 5 and doesn't follow book 6-7 at all. The battle against Voldemort has yet to happen. Hope you enjoy.

Chapter 1

Harry woke up late. He vaguely remembered Ron telling him that he was going down to breakfast and that he should get up. Harry had given a small moan and fallen back asleep. _I have got to get to class! Snape will have my head if I'm late. I hope I finished my essay. I shouldn't have stayed up so late celebrating our win against Slytherin._ His stomach did a nasty growl but food would have to wait. There was no time for breakfast. He raced to dress and grab his stuff.

Harry was the best seeker in the school. He had become Quidditch captain two years ago. This year his team was doing amazingly and last night's win warranted a victory party. This was Harry's 7th and final year at Hogwarts. As Harry rounded a corner at a near run he was startled when his movement was halted as his body collided with something. His bag went flying, spilling its contents.

"Oh bast!" Harry said in frustration. "Sorry, I didn't mean to run into you." Harry said quickly as he began to frantically pick up his things and stuff them in his bag haphazardly.

"You must be running late too."

It was a voice Harry had never heard before. He looked up to find that it was a girl from Hufflepuff. She had curly, dark brown hair that laid just below her shoulders. She had blue eyes that were shocking in their brilliance. She was somewhat short and thin. She was pretty in a simple sort of way. The girl started helping Harry pick up his things. Having heard her soft voice Harry thought, _That's odd. Most people get really upset when you nearly run them over._

_ ' _Oh no! What am I doing? It's him! I can't believe this. I have been so careful to avoid him. If my parents knewâ€¦but it's alright. I'll just help him and be on my way.' _The girl thought to herself. Her heart was beating a little too fast and her hands felt a bit shaky at this unexpected meeting. Before she knew what she was doing she found herself introducing herself to him.

"I'm Evelyn Simmons, but most people call me Lyn, Evelyn is so proper," she said in a hurry. She stuck out her hand. Lyn was feeling reckless. After all, it couldn't hurt to just talk to him.

Harry was surprised. Couldn't she see he was in a hurry? There was no time to talk. He didn't want to be rude so he extended his hand and said, "Hi, I'm Har-"

"Harry Potter. Yeah, I know," she interrupted. "Everyone knows. That must get annoying."

"Um, yeah sometimes," Harry said with a shrug.

"Well, sorry I ran into you. Hope you get to class on time. Maybe I'll see you around sometime. Bye."

With that Evelyn picked up her own bag, gave Harry a small shy smile and hurried up the corridor. Harry was left a bit confused. _I thought I was the one that ran into her!_ He was puzzled by the girl's outgoing and kind nature. As Harry hurried to class, somewhere, in the back of his mind he wished he _would _see Evelyn Simmons around.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Harry went the whole day without a single thought of Evelyn entering his mind. After all, it had been a fleeting moment. Harry met up with Ron on his way to dinner in the Great Hall.

"Hey chum. Snape was in a right bad mood this morning. Old git!" Ron exclaimed.

"Yeah, well at least I made it to class on time and got out of doing detention," Harry replied. As they sat down Hermione entered the hall with a huge smile on her face. She hurried toward them.

"What do you want to bet she got an A on her test," Ron smirked.

"Hey Ron," she bent to kiss him on the cheek. "Guess what? I got an A on my test in Arithmancy!"

Ron gave Harry a sideways smile and Harry returned it with a chuckle.

"What's so funny?" Hermione asked.

"Well, of course you got an A. Have you ever gotten anything else?" Ron replied with a roll of his eyes.

"Well, fine mood you're in. See if I ever tell you my grade again." Hermione said crossly.

"You won't have to, because I'll already know." Ron smirked.

Hermione just rolled her eyes at him. Harry was used to this. His two friends were always having little tiffs and getting over them to start a new one. Harry thought it must be some kind of game to them. But he didn't really understand it. They continued to eat and talk about their day. Harry noticed that Ron was holding Hermione's hand under the table. Harry never really minded. They never got too cuddly in public, for which Harry was grateful. Harry was a little ashamed to admit however, that he was jealous of what they had. He thought he had come close with Ginny a couple years ago. In the end the two of them decided that while they cared for each other, they just weren't quite the couple they had hoped they'd be. Ginny had moved on and was in a relationship with a very nice Ravenclaw boy. Harry was happy for her. He contemplated that considering his future it was probably best that he didn't have a girlfriend. He didn't need anyone else close to him in danger. He had no idea how the future was going to play out but he was certain those close to him would be in the line of fire when the time came to fight Voldemort. The very thought terrified him.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

After dinner Ron and Hermione went to get some homework done. Harry should have joined them but the distressing thoughts he had had at dinner were still weighing heavily on his mind. He decided to go for a walk to try to clear his head. The sun was just starting to set. It was October and getting a little chilly in the evenings. Before Harry realized it, his feet had carried him to the edge of the Quidditch pitch. He could see the Hufflepuff team practicing. Just inside the field he saw someone standing and watching the practice. As he edged closer he recognized the girl he had run into that morning. Harry decided to talk to her.

She seemed nice. And she is kind of pretty, Harry thought. _No harm in just talking to her right?_ Then Harry's mind started to say to him_, I thought you didn't want any other people getting close to you? You don't get to have a normal life remember? Don't go getting interested in someone you can't have. She'd only be leverage in for the Dark Lord in the end._ Harry was arguing with himself_, I don't even know her! I just want to say hi. No harm in talking to people._

Before Harry could speak Evelyn said, "Beautiful isn't it?" Lyn had heard someone coming her way. She had turned to see who it was and was shocked, that for the second time that day, she was going to have to talk to him. Harry didn't notice her quick glance. He was taken by surprise that she knew he was there.

"Umâ€|" Harry wasn't sure what she was talking about.

"The flying I mean. It's so fast and flawless. You never know when someone will dive or flip. It must be total freedom up there. You're an excellent flier. Course you probably hear that all the time. But it's true you know." Lyn had decided that she was just going to be herself with him. No sense putting more pressure on herself to be someone else. If her parents found out then she would just lie to them. She never was one to do what they wanted anyway.

"Yeah, well, thanks." All the praise was making Harry feel uncomfortable. Then something she had said struck him as odd- _it must be total freedom up there._

"Have you never flown a broom before?" Harry asked in shock.

Evelyn shrugged her shoulders as if trying not to make a big deal of the idea. "Nope. I never had a broom to try. I doubt I'm much of a flier anyway, I'm kind of scared of heights," Lyn replied in an unconcerned voice. "I love to watch though," she continued with a gleam in her eyes.

What kind of witch has never been on a broom? Harry thought.

"Wow, I don't know what I would do if I had never ridden a broom." Harry said.

"Yeah, well,â€|do you want to go for a walk around the lake?" she asked. "I'm getting cold just standing here." Lyn said as she rubbed her hands along her arms.

"Um, sure."

>I barely know this girl and she is asking me to take a walk with her. Harry found himself once again surprised and intrigued by her boldness.

They made their way around the lake in silence for a time. To Harry's surprise he didn't feel awkward about it. Something about Lyn seemed to calm him. As they walked the Hufflepuff Quiddith team was making its way back to the castle. Nearly every team member yelled something to Lyn.

"Hey Lyn, thanks for the support."

"See you in class tomorrow Lyn."

"Lyn, can you help me with the assignment for Charms later tonight?"

Lyn smiled and yelled back, "Sure thing Terry. Good flying tonight."

"Hey Lyn, hot date?!"

At this Harry turned a nice shade of red. It didn't seem to faze Lyn a bit. Lyn just laughed her musical laugh and waved to her friends. "See you guys later. Don't forget it's my turn to win at Exploding Snap."

She sure does seem to have a lot of friends, Harry thought.

"What was that about?" Hary asked.

"Oh, sorry. They just like to joke. It doesn't bother you does it? I mean what would people say if Mr. Harry Potter was embarrassed by a couple of Hufflepuffs?!" Lyn chuckled softly.

Harry laughed too. It seemed impossible to not be happy around her. _I wonder if she is always this bubbly?_

The sun was setting and it threw rays of gold through Evelyn's hair.

Some how they got on the subject of potions and their mutual dislike of the class.

"You should meet Ron. He would agree wit you. Maybe we could start and 'I hate potions club'" Harry suggested.

Lyn just smiled. "I would love to meet Ron and Hermione. But aren't you guys like the Three Mustketeers? I mean, I wouldn't want to intrude."

"Uh, well, I guess it seems that way," Harry then responded playfully, "What? Are you afraid?"

To Harry's delight she rose to the challenge and jokingly said, "If you think that, then you haven't known me long enough!" Her eyes were bright with amusement. "It's getting late. We better go back inside."

As they headed back to the castle Harry said, "So, you want to get together and do something with Ron and Hermione?"

"Sure thing!" Harry saw a slight pink color appear on her round cheeks. Lyn suddenly stopped and turned to look Harry right in the eyes. "But your not just asking me so that you won't feel like a third wheel are you?" Lyn gave him a suspicious look.

Once again Harry was thrown off and practically speechless.

"Uh, no. I meanâ€¦maybe. But, no! Of course not. Look, do you want to hang out with us or not?" Harry said in slight frustration.

Lyn broke into a smile, laughter dancing in her eyes. She said in teasing voice, "oh, calm down. I was only kidding."

"Come on. Let's head back." Harry said with a smile.

Without warning Lyn yelled, "RACE YA!" She took of toward the castle leaving Harry in the dust. He watched her for a second. She was graceful and light on her feet. Harry didn't know much about Evelyn, but she always seemed to be a step ahead of him. Harry took off after

her. Lyn stopped at the castle door breathing hard. Harry soon followed.

"You cheated!" Harry exclaimed. He took note of color in her cheeks. It complimented her fair skin.

"Of course I did! How else was I going to win?" Lyn said in exasperation. Harry just shook his head at her and grinned.

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

The following day Harry only saw Lyn in the Great Hall, during meals. They only managed a wave or a short hello. When Harry waved to her at dinner that night she broke into a smile and waved back.

"Who's that?" Ron asked.

"Just a girl I almost ran over in the hall yesterday." Harry replied.

"Does this girl have a name?" Hermione asked, looking curiously at the way Harry was eyeing the girl.

"Evelyn, but most people call her Lyn. Or that's what she says." Harry answered turning his attention back to his plate.

"She kind of looks familiar. I think she was in one of my classes in third year." Hermione commented. "If I remember correctly she seemed really friendly."

"Yeah, she is. We got to talking and she said she would like to hang out with us sometime." Harry timidly said.

Ron elbowed Harry in the ribs and said, "Way to go mate. 'Bout time you had a girlfriend."

"Oh, shut up. I barely know her!" Harry snapped.

"I was only kidding Harry, but you have to admit she is kind of pretty." Ron exclaimed.

"Excuse me?" Hermione glared at Ron

"Oh, come on Hermione, that doesn't mean you're not pretty too!" Ron defended.

Here we go again, Harry thought as he smirked while his two best friends had a friendly banter.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

The next day Harry was drearily walking to History of Magic with Ron and Hermione. As usual the hour droned by as if it was an entire day. Harry spent most of the time doodling or playing tic-tac-toe with

Ron. When the bell finally rang Harry grabbed his stuff to leave. As he turned to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything his stomach did a sudden jolt. There in the front row was Evelyn. She was packing up as well. Ron and Hermione were waiting for him at the door. Neither one had taken notice of Lyn.

"Come on Harry." Ron called.

"Go on ahead. I'll be right there." Harry responded.

How could she have been in the same class as me and I never even noticed? I should just go. Her friends are all waiting for her.

Sure enough there were about five girls all laughing and talking and motioning to Lyn. Lyn started to turn to go but dropped her unzipped bag, spilling the contents on the floor.

"Blast! You guys go ahead. I'll catch up with you later." Lyn said to her friends.

Harry saw the opportunity and walked toward her. She had her curls thrown up in a messy bun. Some of the curls fell loose around her face. Harry suddenly had the urge to take his hand and gently push the curl behind her ear. He shook himself a bit at this unsettling revelation.

"Didn't know I was in this class did you?" Lyn smirked without looking up at him.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Harry asked. Harry thought it had been rude not to mention it.

"Because then I would have robbed myself at seeing your surprise." Lyn smiled mischievously up at him.

Harry could feel his face getting hot. But as he bent to help her with her stuff and saw her sweet smile he knew she hadn't meant to upset him. She was teasing him.

"I'm glad you came over to talk though. I figured you wouldn't with all my friends hanging around. So, I came up with a way to get rid of them." She had a sly look on her face and a shy smile crept up the corners of her mouth.

"So, you dropped your bag on purpose?" Harry asked in surprise. Evelyn's cheeks turned a pleasant shade of rose pink. But she didn't seem embarrassed.

Sure hope he doesn't think I'm a total idiot. I think I like him as a friend. He's not what I was expecting him to be. Lyn pondered.

Bitting her bottom lip and with a slight shrug she said, "Yep! Looked like an accident though didn't it?"

He gave her a small chuckle and a nod. Harry was astounded. She had read his mind. It was unsettling in a way. But he couldn't help but feel glad that she created an opportunity to talk to him. She zipped up her bag and they left the classroom.

"So, when do I get to meet your pals?" Lyn asked.

"Whenever you want I suppose." Harry said.

"OK. Tomorrow night then. I'll meet you outside Gryffindor tower at 7:00. We can find a classroom and play Wizard Chess or Exploding Snaps or something. Sound good to you?"

"Uh, Yeah."

Well at least we won't be stuck standing around trying to decide what to do, Harry thought.

"Great! Let Ron and Hermione know and then let me know if that is alright with them, OK?"

"Sure." Harry said.

"See you later then," Lyn said as she turned to go the other direction.

"Yeah, see you." Harry said. He watched her walk down the corridor unsure what his insides were feeling.

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

The next morning Harry told Ron and Hermione about that night's plan. They agreed, both were excited to meet the mystery girl. During lunch Harry looked around the Hufflepuff table to try to get Lyn's attention, but she was nowhere to be seen. He turned and saw her entering the Hall with a small first year girl from Ravenclaw. The young Ravenclaw looked like she had been crying. Lyn had her arm around the girl. Lyn must have said something funny because the young girl suddenly smiled and let out a small laugh. Lyn led the girl to her table, waved goodbye, and proceeded to her own table.

Ron had followed Harry's gaze. "Hey isn't that her? What is her name again?" Ron asked with a mouth full of food.

"Lyn," Harry replied.

"Why was she hanging around with a first year?" Ron asked.

"No idea," Harry said in bewilderment.

"You sound like it's illegal to talk to first years," Hermione exasperated.

"No, but, how often do you see a seventh year talking to a first year?" Ron said.

Harry ate lunch, all the while glancing back toward Lyn. Lunch was ending and Lyn got up and headed for the door. Harry told Ron and Hermione he would catch up with them, and went to catch Lyn to tell her everything was set for tonight.

"Hey wait up!" Harry called out to her.

"Oh, hi!" Lyn said with a smile.

"Hi, who was that first year I saw you come in with?" Harry's curiosity got the better of him.

Something inside Lyn flipped at realizing Harry had been watching her. "Oh, well, I was in the bathroom and this first year was crying. So, we just talked for a bit. She is a sweet girl, just shy. I guess some third years had been making fun of her. Kids can be so mean! Anyway, I told her to ignore them and offered to walk with her to lunch. So, that's it. Nothing really. " Lyn shrugged as if it was no big deal. To her it wasn't.

Harry was still in slight bewilderment. Most of the time 7th years never took notice, or even talked to 1st years. Unless, they were reprimanding them for something that is. It was just a school hierarchy thing. Who was this girl who treated everyone so kindly and then almost acted embarrassed by it?

Lyn didn't like the look on Harry's face. She couldn't tell if it was- '_oh, my gosh you're really weird,'_ or '_wow, that was nice of you.'_

Biting her lip, Lyn changed the subject, "So, are we still on for tonight? Is it alright with Ron and Hermione?"

Harry shook himself out of his thoughts. "Oh yeah, that's why I followed you out. Just to tell you that 7:00 is good. It's Friday so Hermione doesn't have to worry about doing all her homework tonight." Harry smirked. Lyn gave him a small smile.

"Good. See you tonight then." She pushed a stray curl away from her face and waved goodbye as she turned to go.

Harry once again found himself watching her go, wishing that 7:00 wasn't hours away.

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Harry, Ron and Hermione stepped out of the portrait hole to find Evelyn waiting for them. Introductions were made, and they set off to find a good place to play the games they had brought with them. Things were going along just fine. Everyone was laughing and talking. Ron and Hermione seemed to like Lyn. She has an easy going manner about her that made them feel comfortable with little effort. They quickly found out that Lyn was extremely good at Wizard Chess. She even beat Ron a couple of times. Halfway through the evening they decided to have some fun dueling. It was hilarious to see everyone be jinxed to have funny voices or dance uncontrollably. They had just gotten finished laughing at Ron jumping around croaking like a frog.

As Lyn's giggle faded she said, "All this laughing has made me hungry. Let's go down to the kitchens and get some food."

"It's late. We should head back. We don't want to get detention from Filch," Hermione reasoned.

Almost in a whisper Lyn said somewhat dejectedly, "There are worse things than detention!" Harry thought he saw a shadow cross Lyn's face and cloud her eyes.

At the mention of food, Ron piped up, "Oh, come on Hermione. We have time before curfew and it would be nice to get a snack."

Harry must of imagined the darkness in Lyn's eyes because the next moment she said happily, "That settles it! Come on! We will just have to be a bit sneaky. It won't take long."

"I suppose." Hermione conceded.

They jumped up and headed for the kitchens. There was still about half an hour til curfew. As they walked down the hallways and turned the final corner Harry had a sudden realization. "How do you know where the kitchen is?" He asked Lyn.

Harry, Ron and Hermione had been told where the kitchen was from Fred and George, but it was not common knowledge, even for 7th years.

"Oh, Dobby told me how to get in," Lyn answered.

"You know Dobby?" Harry asked in surprise.

Harry knew Dobby used to work for the Malfoy's before he worked at Hogwarts. It had been Harry who had freed him. How did Lyn know him? Most of the time house elves stayed out of sight.

Lyn suddenly felt as if her lungs had collapsed. She had slipped up. She had blurted out the truth without thinking. Of course Harry knew Dobby! Lyn knew that. She had known that since second year, but hadn't been thinking about it when she answered the question. Lyn thought fast, "I was walking down this hallway a couple of years ago and I almost tripped over him. He asked me if he could help me and before I could answer he said it looked like I would like a treat. So, he showed me into the kitchen! He is a such a sweet elf. How do you know Dobby?" She prayed her explanation would satisfy them. Lyn knew perfectly well how Harry knew Dobby but didn't want them to know that. She hoped the question would distract them from asking questions. It seemed to do the trick.

As they approached the painting of the bowl of fruit Harry said, "Well, I sort of set him free actually."

As the painting swung open a small elf nearly bowled over Harry in his enthusiasm to greet them, "Harry Potter sir! Dobby is so pleased to see you sir! You has not visited Dobby in a long time sir. Dobby thought you had forgotten about him sir!" Dobby squeezed Harry's legs in a hug.

Lyn hoped Dobby wouldn't say anything about how he knew her. _This was a bad idea. What was I thinking?_

"And Ms. Lyn! Dobby is also glad to be seeing you too!" The little elf squeaked out as he gave her knees a hug. The elf looked up at Lyn

and gave her a tiny wink.

How could I have doubted, Lyn thought. _He has never told on me_.

To Lyn's great relief Dobby didn't say anything that put Lyn on the spot. In fact, the group had an excellent time eating anything they wanted and listening to Dobby's version of how he had tried to save Harry's life. Lyn had requested to hear the story, and Dobby's version was quite animated. Before they knew it, it was long past curfew. They had lost track of time. They quickly said goodbye to Dobby and started quietly back up the hall as quickly as possible. There was a screech, and Ron stumbled. "Bloody hell!" Ron said as he tried to catch himself. He had just tripped over Mrs. Norris.

The others became panic stricken. "Quick! Run for it!" Harry said.

They all took off up the stairs and around the corner. From a nearby hall way they heard Filch, "I'll get you this time! Rotten kids!"

The four of them ducked into a classroom just in time. Filch came around the corner just as they shut the door of a classroom. They were breathing hard. Lyn was listening at the door. "I think we lost him. Sounds like he's gone." A smile spread across her face, "That was close! But did you see Mrs. Norris jump when Ron nearly stepped on her?" She let a small giggle escape her lips. Harry couldn't help but give a small chuckle as well.

Hermione looked less then pleased. "That was way to close. We never should have stayed out so late."

Lyn felt a twinge of guilt since I was her idea to go to the kitchens. In the hopes of not ruining the progress she had made in making new friends Lyn said softly, "I'm sorry. It was my fault. I guess going to the kitchens wasn't the best idea."

At the sound of Lyn's defeated voice Hermione reassured her kindly, "It's not your fault. We all lost track of time."

Harry added, "Yeah, we are all to blame." Turning to Lyn he said with a smile, "I never knew Mrs. Norris could jump that high."

Ron added with a grin, "It was worth all those sweet cakes anyway!"

They were all glad they had narrowly escaped Filch. They stayed in the safety of the small classroom for a few more minutes to make sure Filch had gone before venturing out again. They got to the hallway that Lyn needed to take to get back to the Hufflepuff dorms and had to separate. "Thanks for letting me hangout with you guys tonight. I had a great time." Lyn said with sincerity.

"It was good to meet you." Hermione said with a smile.

"Yeah, nice to finally talk to Harry's mystery girl." Ron teased. This made Lyn blush slightly and Hermione jabbed Ron in the side.

Harry tried to choke back his own embarrassment at Ron's comment and said, "You gonna be alright getting back without getting caught?"

Lyn smiled at his thoughtfulness. "I'll be fine. It isn't far. Thanks again Harry." She raised a hand and waved to the others before heading down the dark hallway. As she moved silently and swiftly her mind poked her with an uncomfortable thought, '_You're getting in too deep girl. There is no way this ends the way you would like it to.' _Lyn tried to push the thought away by arguing with herself, '_maybe notâ€|but it might be worth it to have a little fun for a change.' _ Again her brain battled with her, '_Even if it means terrible pain in the end?' _ Lyn shook herself, '_I'm no stranger to pain, I can handle it.' _ With that last, depressing thought she entered her common room and went quietly to bed. It took her a long time to fall asleep. Her thoughts kept battling one another and her brain seemed to keep getting stuck on the image of Harry laughing as he jinxed her legs to do a jig without her consent.

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

It had been almost a month since Evelyn started spending time with Harry, Ron and Hermione. Harry found himself making time to hang out with her more often. Despite his nightmares, the occasional pain in his head, the impending worry about the future war that could start at any moment, Harry found a sense of peace when he was with Lyn. He couldn't quite figure out why, which made her all the more alluring to him. Maybe it was her enthusiasm for fun, or her light laughter, the simple smiles she gave to everyone, or those piercing blue eyes. Whatever it was, Harry kept finding himself seeking her out, particularly when he felt overwhelmed.

Just two days ago Harry had not slept well and his scar was aching. He had just had a rather intense session of Occulemency with Snape. Harry was getting very good at it. But Snape was never one to make things easy. Harry felt his old battle wounds reopen in his mind. The weight of the future weighed heavily on his mind. The memory of loved ones he'd lost seemed to open up a physical ache in his chest. He had wanted to seek solitude down by the lake and had headed that way. Then, as if his eyes were drawn to her, he spotted Lyn sitting under a tree with a group of other students. They had books open and were talking together. Harry had a desire to talk to Lyn but no desire to be social with any of her friends. He watched her for a moment and felt his chest tighten unpleasantly when a boy in the group had leaned in toward Lyn and spoken something in her ear that made her smile. Harry shook himself. He had no reason to feel this way. Lyn had lots of friends and it was none of his business if she had an interest in a boy not. He had to consciously unclench his jaw. Harry must of stared too long because Lyn looked up as if feeling his gaze and gave him a wave. He quickly waved back and moved on toward the edge of the lake. Harry sat down in the grass and looked out over the water trying to clear his mind. Without a sound, there was suddenly someone next to him. Harry turned and found Lyn lying on her stomach. She didn't look up at him. She just continued to look out over the water while making tiny whirl pools in the water with her right hand. Harry wasn't sure what she wanted and he didn't really know what to say. He watched as her curls were blown about in the breeze. Lyn had

left her hair down today and it hung loosely about her shoulders. She was wearing a teal sweater and jeans. After a brief few seconds of silence he was relieved when she was the first to speak. "Rough day?"

Harry almost stiffened by her intuitiveness. He shrugged unsure what to say. He didn't want to dump his issues on her. He shrugged and replied, "Not too bad."

There was silence again. Lyn turned her head and looked at Harry's profile. She could tell something was bothering him. She didn't want to push him. She had been surprised when she had looked up while sitting with her friends to find he had been watching her. Her stomach had turned when she saw him. She knew then that Harry was not himself. His shoulders were slumped and his hands had been clenched into fists at his sides. He had waved and cracked a small smile. Lyn had noticed the stiffness of the smile. She had excused herself from her friends to follow him to the lake. Somehow she seemed to sense he might want company.

Harry felt Lyn's gaze on him and he began to feel uncomfortable. To ease the silence he asked, "What about you? How is your day going?"

Lyn accept the change in subject, knowing full well he was avoiding the issue, "Oh, it's been fine. Ordinary. Nothing too exciting."

"I didn't mean to pull you away from your friends."

Lyn smiled and said, "You didn't. Actually, it was a good way for me to get out of studying more. I was growing bored."

Harry considered this statement and before he could stop himself blurted out, "Didn't look like you were bored when you were laughing at whatever that guy said to you." Harry words had come out more harshly than he had intended. He hated himself. He sounded like a pouting child.

Lyn was taken back by his comment. Was he jealous? No! That is ridiculous. He's just had a hard day and is taking it out on me. Lyn wanted to diffuse the tension that was hanging in the air and calm Harry's nerves. She laughed lightly and said with an air of indifference, "Yeah, that's Nathan. He's always cracking jokes. His girlfriend's birthday is next week and he was telling me ideas he has for a giftâ€¦ I am not sure a toad that burps heart shaped bubbles is going to go over so well." Lyn gave a chuckle. "But I am sure he was joking as usual." She glanced at Harry and was satisfied to find his lips had curled up slightly and his shoulders had relaxed. "It really was a boring study session though. This is a much nicer way to spend my afternoon."

Harry felt his stomach unclench. He didn't like this feeling. What was wrong with him? She did the craziest things to his insides. He was grateful Lyn hadn't called him out and teased him about being jealous. He couldn't have handled that. He wasn't jealous. He was justâ€¦ He wasn't sure what he was.

Silence again prevailed, though the awkwardness of it had dissipated. Lyn, still laying on her stomach, finally asked, "So, what's bothering you?"

Harry tensed. "Nothing."

Lyn noticed his sudden stiffness. She pushed her body up into a sitting position facing Harry. His eyes stared unseeing across the lake. She bit her lip but gathered the courage to reach out her hand and lay it gently on his shoulder. The sudden contact had the desired effect and Harry spun his head around to look at her.

Harry was taken back as his gaze fell into Lyn's. Her eyes were turquoise today. They reflected the color of her sweater and the effect was breath taking. She was looking at him with a mixture of concern and sympathy. Harry felt his walls crumbling. He felt the pressure of her hand leave his shoulder as she pulled away. He didn't realize how much he had wanted her touch until he was left without it.

"You don't have to tell me. But please don't pretend you're alright. I can tell you're upset. I noticed it when I first saw you. That's why I came over here." Lyn simply said.

Did he wear his emotions on his sleeve so obviously? Harry felt humbled. He had no right to treat her like she was stupid or snip at her for having a study session with friends. He could hear the sincerity in her voice and her eyes reflected nothing but compassion. Harry sighed, "I'm sorry. I just—" he paused and then said, "Yeah, it's been a rough day. Just a bit overwhelmed is all."

Lyn gave him a soft smile and quietly said, "I'm sorry. It can't be easy being _you._"

Harry let out a breath as he smirked at her and scoffed, "I suppose I seem like a selfish git acting like I'm the only one with problems."

For the first time he watched as Lyn's eye brows drew together and her face looked displeased. In a very serious voice she said softly while shaking her head, "No Harry. That's not it at all. I wasn't teasing you. I think you've had problems no one else has ever had to face—and considering who you are and what people expect from you—" Lyn looked down for a moment and then said without looking at him, "I just imagine at times it seems like too much. No shame in that." Lyn finished and turned her gaze back out to the lake.

Harry sat in silence, stunned by the intensity and truthfulness of her words. She had pinpointed the source of his mood. He wasn't upset about trivial things like tests or grades or gossip in the halls. Somehow she had known that. She had seen deeper than that. It was because of who he was, what had happened to him, and what would yet happen to him that had caused the feelings of panic, fear and depression to seize him. Instead of telling him it would be alright and to just move on she had comforted him. Assuring him that it was perfectly normal and alright to feel upset about it. He hadn't had to say a thing. He wasn't forced to talk about details. She just sat with him. Letting him be exactly who he was. After a time Harry turned to her. She had her legs drawn up to her chest and her arms wrapped around her knees. He said quietly, "Thank you."

Lyn turned her head and toward him giving him a small smile. "You're welcome." She turned back to the lake and said teasingly, "Just don't

make a habit of this. You're no fun when you brood." She smiled widely and eyed him out of the corner of her eye.

Harry glanced at her and saw her wide smile and knew she was just trying to annoy him. With a grin he gently pushed her arm making her rock. They sat together a while longer in silence before Lyn insisted they go in for dinner.

9. Chapter 9

Chapter 9

That night in the common room Ron, Hermione and Harry were reminiscing about the previous afternoon. Hermione and Lyn had tried to teach the guys how to jump rope. Lyn had suggested it. Hermione was glad to find that Lyn knew about jumping rope since it was an activity that was done in the muggle world. When Hermione asked how she knew how to do it Lyn just replied that a few muggle kids in her neighborhood had taught her when she was young. This was true, but Lyn knew a lot more about the muggle world than most pure blood wizarding families. It had been very entertaining to see Ron and Harry try jumping rope for the first time.

As the conversation came to a lull Hermione ventured a question. "So, Harryâ€|when are you going to ask Lyn out on a date?"

Harry felt every muscle in his body tense up. That had been what Harry himself was debating. "What makes you think I want to date her?" Harry asked, trying to sound as if the idea was crazy.

"Well, you do though don't you? I mean it is obvious you care for her." Hermione commented.

"What are you talking about Hermione?" Ron interjected.

"Look, I'm not trying to pressure you into it or anything but I've seen the way you look at her. And wellâ€|she looks at you the same way," Hermione confessed.

Harry could feel the blood rushing to his face. _Have I been so obvious?_ But Harry was letting the last part of Hermione's words wash over him. He felt a funny tingle in his limbs.

"What? What are you talking about? Harry doesn't look at her any different than he looks at anyone else." Ron said in exasperation.

Hermione just rolled her eyes indicating that she didn't expect Ron to notice something like that. Harry was lost in thought. He wanted to ask Lyn out, but what if Hermione was wrong and Lyn didn't want to date him? Then there was the nagging thought that he didn't have much of a future to offer a girl. He wasn't normal and shouldn't expect to have a normal happy life that involved a relationship. He knew he had feelings for her. After their time near the lake together he was sure of it. Harry just wasn't sure if he was ready or willing to open himself up in that way. Everyone close to him he was in danger of losing.

"Sure I like her," Harry admitted. "But what if she doesn't like me?"

I don't want to break up our friendship just because I was stupid and asked her out." Harry said.

"I don't think Lyn is the kind of person who would get mad and stop being your friend, even if she didn't want to date you." Hermione said. Harry knew she was right, but it didn't make him any braver or sure about the idea. Hermione sensed there was more keeping Harry from moving forward. She said, "You deserve to be happy Harry." Hermione caught Harry's eyes and they exchanged knowing looks. Harry had mentioned before to her his fear of getting close to anyone only to lose them in the war that was inevitably coming.

Harry sighed. Not wanting to dive into those deep topics and feelings he simply said, "I wouldn't even know where to begin."

"There's no easy way to do it." Ron chimed in. "You just have to say it. I don't have much advise for you. When I asked Hermione out I was nearly sick form the nerves." His face reflected embarrassment, and total dislike for the memory.

Hermione just laughed, "He's right you know. He did look awful." Ron glared at her.

Somehow this didn't make Harry feel any better. Seeing the look on Harry's face Ron said, "But once it's over you'll feel tons better. If she says yes that is."

"Thanks," Harry said, not sure if he really had wanted to hear that.

"It's late, we should turn in," Hermione said.

Harry laid in his bed with his thoughts swirling.

10. Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Harry had decided he would try to ask Evelyn out. He was not sure what would happen, but he hoped with all his might that it didn't ruin their friendship. He was still battling with his feelings of not deserving a relationship but had talk himself into accepting that one date couldn't hurt either of them. The next morning Harry spotted Lyn coming out of her Charms lesson. He took a deep breath and headed toward her.

"Lyn can I talk to you a minute?" Harry asked without fully looking at her.

"Sure," Lyn responded. They edged around the crowd and found a fairly secluded spot next to a suit of armor. "What is it?" Lyn asked. She could tell Harry was nervous. He kept shifting his weight and he didn't seem to want to look her in the eyes.

Harry could feel his insides doing a mad dance. He was finding it very hard to look her in the face. "Um, wellâ€¦uh, I was just wondering if you wanted toâ€¦I mean if you would want toâ€¦maybeâ€¦ya know...I mean you don't have to, I justâ€¦" Harry couldn't get his mouth to work and his words were all jumbled. He could feel the heat

rising in his face as he stammered. He felt like an idiot and was sure from Lyn's silence that she thought so too.

Lyn was aware of her own face flushing uncontrollably. She knew what Harry was trying to say and found herself feeling overjoyed, amused and a bit afraid. Her thoughts turned to her family. _What if they find out?...Maybe I can use itâ€|Yeah, I could tell themâ€|It might work.._

Lyn decided what she was going to do in split second. She was going to do something that was just for _her_. She wanted this and she wasn't willing to let it pass even if it meant trouble for her later on. She pulled herself together and decided to relive Harry of his agony. He looked quite ill and he clearly couldn't seem to get the words out that he was looking for. She felt a smile creep up her face. "Why Harry Potter, are you asking me out?" Lyn asked, knowing full well the answer.

"Um, yes," Harry said tentatively. He wasn't sure if she was making fun of him or was up for the idea.

"Excellent! I accept. I will meet you by the lake at 10:00 on Saturday morning. It's a Hogsmead weekend, so we can go to Hogsmead together. Does that sound good to you?" Lyn asked with a dazzling smile.

Harry was in shock. He was sure that it had started out with him doing the asking, but somehow it had ended with Lyn doing most of the talking. Harry had a glazed over look in his eyes, but managed to say, "Yeah, sounds good."

"Great! I will see you later then."

Before Harry could say anything Lyn had kissed him on the cheek, gave him another bewitching smile and left him standing alone in the corridor. Lyn stifled a laugh as she looked back to find him still standing frozen with a slightly bewildered but happy look on his face.

11. Chapter 11

Chapter 11

At lunch Harry told Ron and Hermione what had happened.

"So, she said yes?" Ron asked.

"Actually, I think I'm the one that said yes," Harry admitted with a smile of reminiscence. It had all happened so fast.

"Yeah, but who cares? She said yes! Way to go!" Ron exclaimed.

"So, you're going to Hogsmead together tomorrow?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, that's what she said," Harry answered with a slight jolt, as he had not realized that tomorrow was Saturday.

"Maybe we can meet up with you guys for a little bit." Hermione

suggested.

"Yeah, that would be great," Harry said. He was uncertain what being a lone with Lyn, on a date, would be like. He hoped she would be alright with meeting up with friends for a while.

Saturday dawned with a slight chill in the air, but the sun was shining brightly and it looked like a perfect fall day. Ron and Hermione were planning on going to Hogsmead later in the day, so Harry bid them farewell and hurried out of the portrait hole to meet Lyn by the lake.

"Good luck." Ron called after him.

Harry was crossing the grounds to the lake looking for Lyn. He almost missed her. She was lying on her side in the grass with one of her hands supporting her head and the other hand making small whirl pools in the lake. Evelyn heard Harry approaching and turned to smile up at him. He sat down beside her, not sure what to say. "I almost didn't see you," Harry confessed.

"Afriad I wouldn't show up?" Lyn asked with amusement on her face.

"No, I just-" Harry stammered.

Lyn giggled and interrupted him, "I'm sorry, teasing you isn't fair." He just smiled at her. The sun was dancing in her curls. Before he could stop himself, he reached up and pushed one of her loose curls back from her face and combed his fingers through her long tresses. He felt Lyn tense at this bold physical contact. The soft curls clung pleasantly to his fingers. Harry felt Lyn relax and saw her close her eyes for a moment as he let his hand run gently out of her hair and back to his lap. Lyn felt her heart beating loudly under her rib cage. To slow it and regain her senses she sighed contentedly, "I love fall. It is almost like the leaves change color just because they are unsure what else to do."

Harry just let her gentle words wash over him. They sat in silence for a few moments watching the ripples in the lake. Harry was a bit nervous that he had made her uncomfortable. He didn't know what had come over him. But he reflected on how she had closed her eyes and sighed, as if she had craved that gentle show of emotion. He didn't have need to worry. Lyn soon asked in her usual upbeat voice, "Shall we go to the village then?"

"Yeah, let's go." Harry said. He extended his hand to help her up. She grinned and slipped her hand into his. Other than shaking her hand the day they had met, this was the first time Harry felt her hand in his. He was surprised by how small it was. Her fingers were slender and delicate. She had hands of silk; soft and warm, giving him no hint to the kind of life she had lived. After helping her up he kept his grip on her and he was delighted when she didn't pull away. It was almost as if the agreement to go on a date had let fall the barriers they had built up. Their physical contact was simple and natural to them. There was no push or awkwardness to it. Hand in Hand they walked to the village.

I already posted 12 but I didn't like it so I redid it. Please read and Review. THanks!

Chapter 12

As the day went by Harry and Evelyn had a great time talking and joking in the various shops in Hogsmead. They spent a particularly long time in Zonkos Joke Shop trying out the various odds and ends. When Lyn said she wanted to get drinks, Harry was horrified by the thought of having to go into the fluffy teashop with hearts and couples kissing everywhere. However, Lyn passed right by it and headed for the Three Broomsticks. When Harry expressed his surprise, Lyn just replied that she had no intention of being in a place where snogging was considered a mandatory practice upon entering. Her comment amused Harry so much that he couldn't suppress a chuckle. After they had some butterbeer, they picked up ice cream and headed for the Shrieking Shack. Eating their ice cream, they stood looking up at the supposedly haunted building.

" I wish I could go in there," Lyn announced.

"Why?" Harry asked curiously. Most people wanted to avoid it at all costs.

Harry saw a light flicker in Lyn's eyes as she replied animatedly, "Because it would be great! I mean, who knows how old the place is? You could probably find some interesting stuff in it. Or at least have a good time exploring the place. It's just mysterious. It calls to my inner explorer I suppose."

"I've been in it and there isn't much to see. Just dust really and-

"You've been inside it?" Lyn interrupted him in amazement. "How? When?"

Evelyn had an excited gleam of discovery in her eyes as she looked at Harry in awe. Harry wasn't sure if he should tell her the story of what had happened in the Shrieking Shack or not. He pondered for a moment. He could tell Lyn wasn't going to just let him off the hook with some lame excuse. It had been four years, he figured it wouldn't hurt to let her in on the events of that fateful evening so long ago. Harry gave her a brief account of what had taken place the night he had discovered he had a godfather.

Lyn already knew parts of the story, but as Harry told his version, it became clear to her how Pettigrew had managed escape. Lyn felt awful for Harry as he told her that Sirius had died only a couple of years after knowing him. Lyn knew most of the story of how Sirius had died already, even though Harry had not told her how. As Lyn realized how much Sirius had meant to Harry she was filled with sorrow for him. She had observed how his emerald eyes at clouded over and his head hung down. She said in a sad voice, "I'm so sorry. I never knew he was that close to you." With that, she placed a gentle hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

"Did you know about him?" Harry asked in bewilderment. He had found it a bit strange the way she had expressed her sympathy. Most people didn't know about his godfather, or if they did they thought him a

criminal that had met his end in battle.

"No, I just, When I saw he died I didn't know that you knew him very well," Lyn spouted nervously as she drew away her hand from him. She suddenly didn't like this conversation. She didn't want Harry to think she knew more than what had been printed in the papers or gossiped about among the students. She attempted to hide her fidgeting hands in her pockets but couldn't do anything about the heat that had crept up her cheeks.

"Yeah, well, it's alright. I still miss him but it hurts less now." Harry hadn't meant to cause a veil of sadness to descend on their day. He silently kicked himself for bringing it up. He also felt relief at having been so honest with her. He was sure he had made her uncomfortable when he saw her blush as if in embarrassment. He wanted to fix it. Harry stepped closer to her and put his arm around her back. His hand hugged her small waist and drew her close to his body. Lyn relaxed into his embrace and laid her head on his shoulder. Her nerves settled but her heart pumped at his close embrace. Harry was pleased when Lyn seemed to melt into his side. He wasn't sure what was happening. Not two days ago they had just been friends. Now, it seemed to Harry that within the space of a day they had become so much more. It had been easy. They had transformed as if holding each other was the most natural thing in the world. He fought back the urge to kiss her. It was only the first date after all. He wondered what Lyn must be thinking. Maybe she was scared. It was all so fast. He didn't want her to think he was too serious. He had only asked her on one date after all. There was nothing after today that could stop her from going out on dates with other boys. The thought made Harry bite his tongue in distaste. Suddenly Harry wanted to make something clear. "Lyn?"

She pulled back so she could look him in the eye. His voice was serious. Lyn gave him a look of concern and questioning. The tone of his voice had put her slightly on edge. "Yeah?"

"Will you be my girlfriend?" Harry said quietly.

Lyn's eyes widened in surprise. She had spent the better part of the day thinking she was in a dream. Harry had been attentive, gentle and kind. It had been a long time since she had felt that safe and comfortable. She didn't want to get her hopes up for anything in the future; hers was uncertain. She knew it wouldn't end well. Yet, she longed more than anything to be his. To be happy with someone. Was it worth it? Even if it would last for just a short while? She looked into Harry's eyes. She could see the courage it had taken to ask her and she could see the anticipation on his face. Wanting to end his agony, Lyn let her mouth draw up in a smile as she bit her lip. She leaned in and wrapped her arms around his middle. She said quietly against his sweater, "I'd be honored."

Harry could hardly believe what had happened. He wrapped his arms around her and they stood for a moment enjoying their embrace. He bent and kissed the top of her head. Harry broke the silence and said in an excited voice, "Do you want to meet up with Ron and Hermione?" he hoped she wouldn't think he was suddenly nervous and ending the date.

"Yeah, that would be great." Lyn smirked and said, "You want to show off your new prize?" She beamed at him.

Harry should have known better than to think Lyn would take offense to his sudden suggestion. She had proved time and again that she was not like other girls he had hung out with. He suddenly realized that perhaps that was some of the appeal. Harry knew she was teasing him. But it was true. He wanted to tell someone before it turned out to be a dream. "I thought you said teasing me wasn't fair? " He replied playfully.

Lyn stuck her tongue out at him, "Yes, but it is fun!"

Harry made to grab her but she was too quick for him and she giggled as she took off. Harry chased after her and as Lyn slowed he caught her around waist and spun her around to face him. Her cheeks were flushed from running and laughing. She was catching her breath while smiling up at him. As she licked her lips Harry lost all control. Pushing her back up against a tree he gently kissed her. He was aware of her arms coming around his neck. Suddenly her fingers were playing with the hair at the back of his neck. She pulled him closer and their kiss deepened.

13. Chapter 13

Chapter 13

It had been a couple of days since the wonderful day Lyn had spent with Harry in Hogsmead. She was feeling happier than she ever remembered. She still had to contend with worries concerning her family but those worries seemed more manageable now. As Lyn was walking to Transfiguration, the good day she was having took a turn for the worse as she spotted the person heading toward her. He had a grimace on his face and his eyes shined with malice. Draco Malfoy grabbed her roughly by the arm and pushed her to the wall.

"Better be careful Simmons." Draco leered in her ear.

"What are you talking about?" spat Lyn. She gave him no indication of the pain radiating up her arm.

"You might not be smart, but even I don't think you're not _that_ stupid. Don't play dumb with me. I've seen you with him you know."

"I'm just doing what I was told," Lyn replied. Her heart was beating so fast it felt like a hammer inside her chest.

"You certainly seem to be enjoying yourselfâ€|maybe too much." Malfoy seethed, twisting her arm tightly.

Lyn bit back a gasp as she focused on making her voice calm. "You don't know anything! I'm close to him to get what they want, and I'm getting the job done aren't I?"

Malfoy gave her a lazy shrug as he said, "Perhaps, but I'm not convinced and neither are your parents. They don't think you're giving them everything you know. They're not too pleased with the information you've been giving them."

Lyn pulled her arm out of his tight grasp and glared at him, "Well,

they're going to have to deal with that aren't they?"

"For nowâ€¦I don't have a choice but to take your word that you're dating him for 'The Cause,'â€¦and to save your own sorry skin of course." Malfoy took her arm again and leaning toward her whispered, "You know what happens when your parents aren't pleased with you." He abruptly pulled away from her and slapped her firmly across the face. "I'll be watching you Simmons." Malfoy sauntered away.

Lyn's cheek stung, she continued to glare at Malfoy as he turned to leave. She had learned at a young age to control her tears. Tears meant you were weak and they liked to see that. Lyn didn't let them have the satisfaction. She was glad she could deny them that small pleasure. Her heart still pounding with rage and fear, Lyn walked the halls to her class.

Her plan was still working but her parents were obviously suspicious of her and the less than impressive information she was passing along to them. Her parents weren't here though, Harry was. As long as she could, Lyn was going to enjoy the time she was able to spend with him. After all, she had never intended on doing what her parents said in the first place. She comforted herself by telling herself that at least current circumstances made it appear as if she was doing what they wished. No matter what she did Lyn knew her parents were going to be suspicious regardless. Perhaps, this new show of attempting to obey would spare her some of their wrath.

14. Chapter 14

Chapter 14

November was closing and Christmas was fast approaching. Before the cold December air completely covered the grounds Harry came up with a perfect surprise for Lyn. The next day Harry took Lyn by the hand and telling her that he had something for her, led her to the entrance hall.

"Now you have to close your eyes," Harry instructed.

"Why?" Lyn asked with suspicion.

"Because it's a surprise and I don't want you to know until we get there."

"Why Mr. Potter, I do believe you are trying to charm me! Oh, alright, I'll play along. But I wish you would tell me what this is all about." Lyn said as her sparkling blue eyes closed tight. She wasn't able to conceal her curiosity or excitement. She gripped Harry's arm tightly as he led her onto the grounds and across the grass.

"Are we there yet?" Lyn asked.

"Almost. No peeking!" Harry had said as he saw her try to open her eyes. After another minute he stopped her and said, "OK, you can look now."

Lyn opened her eyes to behold the well-known Quidditch Pitch.

"Why are we at the Quidditch field?" Lyn gave him a quizzical look.

"Because I'm going to teach you how to fly!" Harry proclaimed as he pulled his wand out and summoned his broom to him. The fire in Lyn's eyes, and the smile that was contagious were reward enough. He knew right away that this had been an excellent idea.

Lyn was skeptical of her ability at first but quickly caught on and was soon zooming through the air. Harry watched her as she flew low over the ground, letting one hand drag along the soft grass. She gracefully stepped off the broom and came running toward him. Her hair was escaping the braid she had quickly put it in before attempting to fly. Curls that had fallen out rested gently on her cheeks and forehead. Her face was pleasantly pink from the crisp November air that had brushed it.

"See you're a natural! And you're not as afraid of heights as you led me to believe," Harry commented as she gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"I guess so, but in the end I was right you know."

"About what?" Harry asked.

In a reverent tone she replied, "It is total freedom. I loved it! Thank you so much Harry." She moved closer to him, finding herself getting lost in the forest of his eyes.

"Anytime," Harry said as he closed the gap, raised a hand to her face, and gently kissed her.

When they separated Lyn smiled at him and said, "You know this means you will have to get me a broom!"

Harry laughed, "What?"

"Well you can't teach a girl to fly and then leave her without a way to do it again. That wouldn't be very gentlemanly of you." Lyn said with a mischievous grin.

Harry puffed up and said, "Of course not my lady. Your wish is my command." He bowed and extended his hand to her to lead her back to the castle. Harry added in the same princely voice, "But you may have to wait a bit. Patience is a virtue you know."

Lyn smiled and replied, "True good sir, and I shall wait." They walked in companionable silence to the castle and along the halls until they arrived at the entrance to the Hufflepuff common rooms. Lyn then said with a seductive grin, "However, good sir, somethings I am not willing to wait forâ€¦ Which is why I am going to do thisâ€¦" She then leaned toward him, meeting his lips. Harry was a bit surprised by the move. He found her lips soft but determined. He let his hands travel into her hair. Lyn played with the hair at the base of Harry's neck and felt him bring her closer. Harry's hands traveled down her slim shoulders to her arms. He felt Lyn stiffen and pull away. He looked at her with concern, "Are you alright?" Lyn smiled at him but he noticed it didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Of course. I just didn't want to give you too much of a good thing."

She winked at him, gave him another quick kiss and said, "Thank you again Harry. I had a great time. See you tomorrow." She disappeared into her common room.

Harry was left standing in the hallway alone. He had been pleasantly surprised by her desire to kiss him. He loved how she kept him on his toes. It truly had been a great evening. He was still slightly confused about why she had pulled away so abruptly. But he pushed the thought away as he remembered the exhilaration on Lyn's face as she flew through the air.

15. Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Ron, Hermione, Harry and Evelyn were all together discussing their Christmas plans. Almost all of them were expressing how relieved they were to have a break. Lyn sat quietly with a smile on her face but did not contribute to their enthusiasm. She was not looking forward to the break. She would never dare to express why and so had put on a smile and kept quiet. When Hermione suggested they exchange presents on Christmas Eve, Evelyn decided she had better let them know she wasn't going to be there. "I'm actually going home for Christmas," she announced. This was met with a disheartened groan from the group. The rest of them were staying at Hogwarts for the holiday. Lyn continued, "Yeah, I'd much rather stay here." Lyn's voice was soft. Harry looked at her and was concerned to see her eyes downcast and unfocused. He wondered why she had been so quiet this evening during their talk of Christmas and why now she seemed far away in her thoughts. Was something bothering her? Harry considered that perhaps she was just going to miss him. Lyn looked up and continued with a cheery smile, "But I would love to exchange gifts before I go. I convinced my parents to let me come back right after Christmas, so I'll be here for New Years."

"Well, we can do it in a couple days before you go then. And at least you get to come back after Christmas. That's so bad. It's understandable that your family would want you home for the holiday," Hermione said knowledgably. Lyn gave her a small smile and a nod. All the while knowing that going home had nothing to do with her family wanting her there for a nice holiday.

"The down side to staying here is that Malfoy is going to be here this year too," Ron sighed.

"What?" Lyn blurted out in shock. Lyn's heart seemed to plunge into her stomach. She had been hoping that when she got back to Hogwarts she could enjoy a few days without worrying about Malfoy spying on her. She should have known better.

Ron continued, "Yeah, for some reason he's sticking around this year. His mom probably can't stand the smell of him anymore! Do you know him very well?"

"Who doesn't know that muggle hating, blond, twit!" Lyn said in disgust. They all chuckled at this. Harry was surprised. He had never heard Lyn say a bad word about anyone. He found himself wondering what Malfoy had done to make Lyn despise him so much. It wasn't like her to sound so angry. But he pushed it out of his mind. Malfoy

didn't have to do much for people to hate him. His very aura pulsed with animosity and pomp.

A couple days later the gang got together to exchange gifts. As Hermione was awing over a new book, and Ron was eating a chocolate frog, Harry passed a small piece of paper to Lyn and said, "Merry Christmas." Lyn looked at him questioningly and Harry just smiled at her and said, "Trust me." Lyn opened the note. It read simply, 'meet me by the lake later this afternoon.'

So, Lyn headed down to the lake a few hours later. She knew this must have something to do with a Christmas gift but was not sure why she was told to go out and meet him at the lake. It was cold and somewhat windy outside as she stuffed her hands into the pockets of her coat. Harry stood by the lake grinning widely. "Hey you." Harry said as he pulled her in for a kiss.

"So, what is going on?" Lyn asked.

"Well, I didn't want to give you your gift in front of the others." Harry smiled mischievously.

"Hmm, very mysterious. Am I supposed to guess?" Lyn said with a chuckle.

"No, just close your eyes." Harry said.

"Again?" Lyn said laughing.

"Yes! Again." Harry slipped behind her and put one of his hands over her eyes. He nibbled softly on her ear, making her squeal. Then he whispered, "Accio Lyn's gift." There was silent anticipation as they waited. Then Lyn heard Harry grab something. "Now hold out your arms," Harry instructed. Lyn did as she was told. She felt a sturdy and smooth pole settle in her palms. Harry released his hand from her eyes. Lyn gasped as she looked down to behold the gleaming new broom. Her fingers gently wrapped around the sturdy wooden handle. "Harryâ€|youâ€|I was just teasing! I didn't really expect you toâ€|" Lyn was overjoyed and completely in awe of receiving such a wonderful gift.

Harry soaked in her astonishment. He could tell she was beyond words. He said, "I know you were joking. But I wanted to. You deserve one. This way we can practice together instead of taking turns."

Lyn felt hot tears press against the back of her eyes, "But, it's so expensive Harry. I couldn't possiblyâ€|"

"None of that!" Harry proclaimed firmly. He blushed slightly as he said, "My parents made sure I would be very well off." He moved to her and brushed her cheek with his hand, lifting her head so she would look at him. "Hey, you alright?" He had noticed the gleam in her eyes and was not sure what to think.

Lyn blinked back her tears and stammered, "Yes! I mean, I just never expectedâ€|" She ran her fingers along the handle lovingly. "Oh, Harry, this is wonderful! Thank you. Thank you so much!" She threw her arms around him. After a long embrace and several kisses, Harry stepped back and said, "So, shall we try it out?"

Lyn gave him one of her best smiles, and biting her lower lip in anticipation replied, "Yeah, let's give it a try!"

Lyn loved her new broom. It felt like it was a part of her. It was so easy to maneuver that Lyn hardly had to try at all. She wished she could fly for hours but it was cold and her fingers were starting to ache from holding on. She landed gracefully. "Harry, this really is the best gift I've ever gotten." Harry pulled her close and gently pushed the hair out of her face. He said with a glint of humor in his eyes, "Well, I had to keep my word, my lady." He breathed deeply. She smelled like honeysuckle. Her blue eyes danced. Harry felt empowered knowing he was the reason she had such life in her smile. Slowly and gently he pressed his lips against hers. He felt her body sigh in response, and wrapping his hand into her wild curls he pulled her in as their kiss deepened.

The next day it was time for Evelyn to say good-bye. Classes were over and students were departing for the holiday break. Evelyn told Ron and Hermione to have a great time and then turned her attention to Harry. Lyn had been dreading this moment. She didn't want to go. She knew what was waiting for her and had no desire to face it. She also knew what she was leaving behind. She was surprised by the ache she felt in her chest at the thought of being so far away from Harry. She felt so safe and untroubled around him. The opposite of what she would be feeling this next week. Pulling herself together she made her face turn up into smile.

Harry was disappointed that Lyn had to go. But it was only for a week and then she would be back to enjoy the rest of the break with him. As she turned to him he noticed she didn't look quite herself. She was smiling but her eyes were dull. He wondered why she didn't seem excited to leave. They hadn't talked much about their families. He only knew she had an older brother. Before he had time to inquire about her sedated mood she said, "I'll see you soon. Have a great Christmas Harry!" Without giving Harry time to reply, she pulled him by the necktie and kissed him soundly before walking through the door.

16. Chapter 16

Chapter 16

The Christmas holiday was going well enough for Harry; what with plenty of food to eat, games to play and having both his friends around. He missed Evelyn though. His thoughts often drifted to her and he wondered if she missed him as well. He also wondered if she was having a good holiday with her family. She hadn't seemed too thrilled about going. Harry contented himself by knowing it was only a couple of days until she would return to the castle. As Harry was walking down the hall Draco suddenly appeared in his path. Harry instinctively drew his wand out. Malfoy just scowled at him.

"So, dating the enemy now Potter? Better watch it or someone will think you've switched sides," Draco sneered at him.

"What are you on about, Malfoy?" Harry said annoyed.

Malfoy gave him a nasty laugh, "You are so easily played. I was wondering how she did it. She's rather stupid, you know, always

messing things up. But now that I think about it, you must have made it very easy for her. That desperate are you?"

Something inside of Harry did a nasty flip. He felt his blood boil. Harry yelled, "Don't talk about Lyn like that!"

"Oh, so you _do_ know who I'm talking about? Nice of you to catch up."

"Shut up! You don't know anything about her!" Harry scowled at him. His fist tightened around his wand. He sorely wanted to curse the little rat.

Malfoy gave another short bark of laughter, "You have no idea. I know much more about her than you do Potter! Think about that next time you kiss her." Malfoy leered with satisfaction and went down the hall.

Harry didn't believe a word Malfoy said. Actually, he didn't understand half of what Malfoy had said. _Something about Lyn being an enemyâ€| that is ridiculousâ€|but if she is, then why would Malfoy tell me about it?...See how well she had done her job?...To shove it in my face more likelyâ€|But no!...this is crazyâ€|there is about as much chance of Lyn being bad as there is of the sun not setting._ Harry tried to put the conversation out of his mind. However, something about what Malfoy had said stuck with him and kept nagging him. He didn't like how Malfoy had sounded when talking about Lyn. How did he know her? And what did he mean he knew her better than he did? Thinking about the smirk on Draco's face when he said it made Harry feel sick. Maybe he should ask Lyn about it when she returned. Harry again shook himself from his thoughts. He wouldn't let Malfoy ruin his holiday.

17. Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Christmas day had come and gone. Harry was anxiously awaiting Lyn's return. She was going to meet him in the entrance hall at 10:00am that morning. It was 9:50am and Harry was already standing in the hall waiting for her. After about twenty minutes Evelyn came walking through the doors.

Lyn was so relieved to be back that her body wanted to physically collapse to the floor. However, she settled for a sigh and spotted Harry. She ran to him giving him a quick kiss. Harry wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a close hug. Lyn took a sharp intake of air. A grimace of pain crossed her face that Harry couldn't see. She didn't want to pull away but was afraid she might cry out if she didn't. She gently broke his hold and looked up at him. She had missed him more than she dared to admit even to herself.

"You're late." Harry teased. He was rewarded by a smile from her.

"Missed me that bad did you?" Lyn teased back.

Harry smiled at her. Taking the time to really look at her, Harry noticed that she was different somehow. Instead of her skin being

flushed with joy, her skin was pale and ashen. He noticed dark circles under her eyes. She looked slightly ill. Concerned he said, "You look tired." He took her hand and found it was a bit shaky. He pressed it to his lips, eyeing her as he did so.

"Are you trying to tell me I don't look good?" Lyn said with a grin. "I probably don't, now you mention it. It was a long trip, that's all." She gave him a quick kiss on his cheek.

"Nonsense, you always look wonderful." Harry said seriously. He held out his arm and Lyn link her arm though his as they set off to meet Ron and Hermione in the Gryffindor common room.

"So, how was your Christmas?" Harry asked.

"It was fine," Lyn replied. She hoped he would leave it at that.

"What did you get?" Ron asked her.

"Oh, nothing too exciting. Nothing that beats Harry's gift." At the thought of her broom Lyn beamed. Her words were true, in a way. Lyn had not received a single thing except from the three of them and few of her friends in her own house. To divert the attention away from her she asked, "What about you guys? What have you been doing all this time?" Her strategy worked. The three of them relived the last week for her, and they past a happy couple of hours showing Lyn the gifts they had gotten.

At some point Lyn had spread herself out on the couch and laid her head in Harry's lap. She was careful to lay on her side and keep her back close to the couch so Harry wouldn't rub it. She was so tired. She felt gentle fingers start combing her hair. She was not aware that her eyes had closed. Soon she was asleep.

After beating Hermione at chess, Ron declared, "I'm hungry, let's go get some lunch."

Hermione looked at Harry and Lyn on the couch and commented, "That sounds like a good plan but we should probably wake up Lyn first."

Harry had not noticed she had fallen asleep. He couldn't see all of her face because of the way she was laying on him. He had enjoyed watching Ron and Hermione play chess and his fingers enjoyed the clinging nature of Lyn's curls. Clearly she had been very tired. He shifted slightly to get a better look at her. Her long dark lashes were striking against her fair skin. He hated to wake her but his leg was starting to tingle from the weight of her head. He ran his hand along her cheek. In a soft voice he said, "Lyn, it's time to wake up." She didn't stir. Harry shook her shoulder lightly and tried again. This time Lyn groaned and her eyes fluttered open. She looked up at Harry and said, "I fell asleep, didn't I?" She sat up stiffly.

Harry reassured her, "It's alright. You didn't miss much. Just Ron demolishing Hermione at chess."

Lyn yawned, "Well, I guess I should get going." Lyn rose from the couch.

"We're going to go eat lunch. Want to join us?" Hermione asked her.

Lyn considered her options. Part of her just wanted to crawl into bed, the other part of her really wanted a good meal. Her exhaustion on out. " I think I'll just go get settled for a bit. Say hi to the others in my house. I can meet up with you guys a bit later. Is that alright?"

"Sure." Ron said.

Harry had been watching her. Her shoulders drooped and she looked exhausted. He stood and took her hand. "I'll walk with you back to your dorm." Lyn gave him a smile of appreciation and they headed out of the portrait hole.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked her.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just didn't get a lot of sleep this last week. I guess it's catching up to me." Lyn said, hoping to reassure him.

"Party hard huh?" Harry grinned.

Instead of the cutting and teasing reply Harry was expecting from her, he was struck by her low voice as she simply said, "Something like that."

Harry stopped in front of the entrance to Hufflepuff's common room. He squeezed Lyn's hand gently and said to her, "I'll meet you later this evening?"

"Yes, I'd love that." Lyn replied.

Harry leaned toward her, inhaling her honeysuckle scented hair and said, "Good, because I've missed you." He placed a kiss on her forehead and pulled her into a gentle embrace.

Lyn wanted nothing more than to sink into his arms and cry. She bit her lip to fight back the tears and said against his shoulder, "I missed you too." She turned and entered her common room. Lyn headed straight to her bed. Pulling closed the curtains around her bed, she let all her emotions ebb from her in a great rush. She softly cried herself to sleep.

*** So, I would really love it if anyone is reading this to take a moment and send me a review. It is a bit discouraging to write and not know if anyone is reading. Give me a shout out so I am motivated to continue. I am trying to post quickly. The story line is all completed so I am just doing so revision and detail work so I am hoping it will continue to go quickly. Let me know what you are thinking so far! THanks!

18. Chapter 18

Chapter 18

A couple of days later the four friends where coming up short with

ideas of things to do. They were sitting the Great Hall finishing breakfast, trying to decide what to do that day. Lyn was feeling a lot better these days. Her skin had returned to his healthy glow. She was rested, and again felt at ease being inside the walls of Hogwarts. A sudden thought crossed her mind. "Hey! I know what we should do! We can go ice skating." Lyn said with enthusiasm. Instead of the excitement Lyn wanted, she got a couple of blank stares and a look of insecurity from Hermione. "Oh, come on, don't tell me you have never been ice skating before?"

"Well, I have but I was really bad at it," Hermione admitted.

In an attempt to reassure her Lyn said, "Well, I'll help you. It is so fun!"

"Well, I guess we could try it. But we don't have skates," Hermione commented.

"Don't worry about that. I can transfigure our shoes into skates. No problem."

"Sorry, but do you two want to fill us in on what the heck ice skating is?" Ron interjected.

Harry commented, "I've heard of it I think. Isn't it when you walk on ice or something like that?" He vaguely remembered seeing a commercial at the Dursely's advertising a skating rink.

"Well, yeah, sort of," Lyn said. "Come on, I'll show you."

With that they left for the grounds and the lake. The winter had been a cold one and the lake had frozen over. Lyn pulled out her wand and transfigured all their shoes into skates. Lyn then stepped out on the ice and began to skate.

Harry's watched her easy movements as Lyn seemed to float over the ice. _She is gorgeous_, Harry thought. _How could I not have thought so the moment I saw her?_

Lyn skated with the same grace she possessed when running. She motioned for the rest of them to join her on the ice.

"What if it's not safe?" Hermione asked nervously.

"It's fine. It looks pretty thick and I did this all the time when I was a kid with the muggle kids in my neighborhood. There was a pond near our house that always froze over in the winter," Lyn encouraged her.

They shakily stepped on to the ice trying to get their balance. It was a highly entertaining sight to see them wobble and land quite often on their backsides. Lyn kept encouraging them and helping them rise again. After a while they started to catch on and were enjoying the new floating sensation of gliding along the top of the ice. Lyn clasped Harry's hand as he started to fall. She helped him find his balance again and then pulled him forward with her at a fast, smooth pace. Lyn suddenly let go of his hand and turned around to face him. She was skating backwards, beaming at him. "You're doing great Harry. I told you this was fun."

Harry chuckled as he lost his balance, grabbed her hand suddenly and fell over, pulling Lyn down with him. They both collapsed into fits of laughter.

The three unexperienced skaters were tired from their efforts. Harry, Ron and Hermione were standing together taking a break, while Lyn continued to skate in intricate circles. All at once, the conversation between the three of them was interrupted by a crackling of ice, a scream, and a splash. They turned quickly to find a hole in the ice and Lyn nowhere to be seen.

19. Chapter 19

Chapter 19

The three of them jumped up and skated as fast as they could toward the hole in the ice. Lyn was trying with all her might to get herself above the icy water, but her heavy robes kept pulling her down. A sharp pain in her chest from the severe cold made it hard to breath. Her limbs felt like dead weight.

"Lyn! Hang on!" Harry yelled at her. All of them were on their stomachs around the broken ice. Harry stuck his hand into the frigid water and grabbed Lyn's arm. Harry felt a horrible pain shoot up his arm the instant his hand entered the water. He ignored it, as both he and Ron pulled Lyn slowly out of the water and away from the break in the ice. Lyn was gasping for air; she was trying to suck it all in but her lungs didn't seem to be working properly. She was exhausted from her fight with gravity. Her body didn't feel like her own. Harry laid Lyn down on her side. He watched helplessly as Lyn's body began to tremble violently. She coughed roughly as she expelled the water from her lungs.

"Lyn, Lyn can you hear me? Come on Lyn, answer me," Harry said desperately. He was kneeling beside her, his heart in his throat. He was terrified that her eyes were closed and her breathing was uneven and stilted. Lyn's skin looked like marble it was so pale, and her lips had an unnatural tint of blue to them. Hermione kneeled down near Lyn's trembling body and quickly performed a dying spell. Lyn's clothes were dry in an instant, but it did nothing to warm her. "She's so cold," Hermione said.

Lyn managed to open her tired eyes a bit, and in a weak whisper croaked, "Harry?"

Harry's heart leapt. "Yeah, it's going to be alright. We have to get you to Madam Pomfrey." Harry tried to reassure her. She was shaking uncontrollably and let out a small moan. "Ron go on ahead and tell Madam Pomfrey what happened." Harry instructed.

"Here," Hermione said as she quickly transformed all their skates back into shoes again.

Ron took off without a word. Harry quickly took off his cloak and wrapped it around Lyn as best he could. He placed his arms underneath her and picked up her limb body as if it weighed no more than a feather. He was struck by how petite she truly was. With Hermione alongside him they set a quick pace for the castle.

Once in the hospital wing, Madam Pomfrey quickly took over. Harry placed Lyn on the closest bed. Madam Pomfrey quickly blocked their view of Lyn by pulling hangings around her bed, leaving the rest of them to pace the hall waiting for news. Sometime later Madam Pomfrey returned to announce that Lyn would be fine, but they couldn't see her until tomorrow. "Nothing a bit of rest and a warming potion can't take care of. She may yet catch cold, so I am going to keep her here for a few days to make sure she rests." Harry sighed with relief. As they were ushered out of the hospital wing they heard Madam Pomfrey huff, "Ice skating indeed!" The three walked slowly back to Griffyndor tower. Silence hung heavy between them as they thought about the events that had just taken place. It had been terrifying for all involved. Harry's heart was still pounding. The image of Lyn's trembling body, heaving for air seemed to haunt his mind. He wasn't going to sleep that night. He knew Madam Pomfrey had told him that Lyn was fine but the need to see her with his own eyes was pressing in on him.

*** Thanks for the reviews! Please keep them coming! I really want to know what you guys think. Love it? Hate it? More romance? Too much romance? Thanks for the feedback!

20. Chapter 20

Chapter 20

The next day Harry went right away to visit Lyn in the hospital wing. As he walked in he saw her sitting up in bed, hair in a messy bun, with a bored expression on her face. He watched as she raised her hand to her mouth and let out a nasty sounding cough. As he approached, Harry saw her face light up when she saw him coming.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked, the worry clear in his voice.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I have a simple chest cold but it's no big deal. Madam Pomfrey says I need to stay here for a couple of days," Lyn replied with a roll of her eyes, as she pulled up her blankets.

"That was a close one. You scared me half to death," Harry admitted.

"Just keeping you on your toes," Lyn smiled. "But reallyâ€¦ thanks Harry. I won't say I wasn't scaredâ€¦ But I don't know if I can stay here much longer." In an exasperated tone she continued, "I am bored out of my mind already and it's only my first day!"

Harry pulled out the Daily Prophet from his pocket and placed it in her lap. "Thanks," Lyn said. She pulled up her knees and leaned forward to rest her chin on them while she started to look through the paper.

Harry sat on the edge of the bed next to her. He saw that the back of Lyn's gown wasn't all the way buttoned up. Her neck and a little bit of her shoulders were exposed. Harry couldn't resist the urge, and gently placed his hands on her shoulders and started to massage her neck. Harry felt Lyn tense under his fingers at the unexpected physical contact. Soon she relaxed and continued to peruse the paper.

Her skin was soft under his fingers. Harry let his hand travel down between her shoulder blades. The softness of Lyn's skin was suddenly interrupted as his fingers felt rough, raised lines underneath them. Harry glanced down and saw, to his astonishment, that what he could see of Lyn's back was covered in long lines. Some of them were smooth and shiny, blending into her skin; others were smooth but slightly pink in color; still others were raised and raw. They appeared to crisscross down her back.

Lyn, too late, realized where Harry's hands had traveled and quickly laid back against the pillows. She continued to look at the Daily Prophet without really seeing it. Lyn knew what Harry had seen. It made her stomach clench. She had always known she would have to explain someday, but she was not prepared to do it at this moment. She bit her lip hard to try to keep herself in control. Lyn's heart was pounding and her cheeks felt hot.

Harry didn't know what had happened, but he felt a deep hatred towards whoever had given Lyn those marks. "What?" Harry trialed off, not knowing exactly what to say. He watched Lyn scrunch her eyes closed as if his words had hurt her.

Lyn took a deep breath knowing there was no good way around the situation. Without looking at Harry she said quietly, "There's something you should know."

Harry didn't like the sound of that. He reached for her hand and squeezed it tightly, hoping to provide her some comfort. He waited for her to continue.

"Harry, my parents?"

Harry's anger burst through him as he raged, "You're parents did this to you? Why?"

Lyn struggled to stop him in his rant. "Harry, Harry please!..."

Harry wasn't listening. "Why didn't you tell someone?! What are you even doing living with them still? You don't deserve this! I can't believe!" Harry's voice was loud and his words tumbled out of him with fast fury.

"Harry stop! It's not that simple." Lyn pleaded with him, shaking her head. She could feel the tears starting to sting her eyes.

"What do you mean not simple? You're being hurt and they have no right-" Harry was confused and upset. He clutched her hand trying to get through to her.

Interrupting him, Lyn almost screamed in agony, "My parents are Death Eaters!" As soon as the words left her mouth she wished she could take them back. But she couldn't hide any longer. She was breathing faster than normal. She met Harry's gaze as silence rang between them.

"What did you say?" Harry asked. He was sure he had heard wrong. His brain was trying to fully absorb the situation.

Lyn's eyes dropped in a defeated manner. "They're Death Eaters

Harry." Lyn couldn't bring herself to look at him. Shame, regret, and bitterness filled her mind. A great pang of sadness filled her when she felt Harry remove his hand from hers.

Harry stood in silence as her words penetrated his brain. Then his mind took him back to Malfoy's arrogant taunting just a few days before. Something inside Harry seemed to crack and then slowly ignite. "Then you're aâ€|?" He couldn't bring himself to finish.

Knowing what he was thinking Lyn said defiantly, "No, I'm not!" She lifted her head to look at him. It was not the kind face she loved that met her gaze. There was anger, hurt and confusion in his eyes. He didn't believe her.

"But there's more isn't there?" Harry glared. His frustartion was starting to come out in his voice. Lyn looked away and stared at her hands. The only way to explain was from the beginning. Lyn's heart hoped Harry would believe her, but her mind told her otherwise. She had lied to him; deceived him.

"Yes." It felt like she had opened a book and was reading from its pages. Her voice was flat. When she continued speaking she found it easier to continue than to stop. "They wanted me to spy on you this year. They wanted me to get information and tell them about it so they could relay it to Voldemort."

Harry's insides were on fire. Harry didn't notice that Lyn hadn't flinched as she said the Dark Lords name. "YOU WHAT?" Harry felt like he had been slapped in the face. Everything was starting to take shape in his mind. It was making him angrier by the minute.

"But I didn't-" Lyn quickly tried to continue.

"What kind of information?" Harry spat. His temper was rising. The hurt of knowing she had lied to him all this time was boiling painfully inside of him.

"Anything that might be of use," Lyn sighed. She was feeling tired, and defeated.

"So, this whole time you've just been playing me?" Harry seethed.

"No! No, Harry listen-"

"That day we met in the hall was no accident was it?" Harry said in disgust.

"Harry, please-" tears were starting to fall down Lyn's face. This was it. She was going to loose him.

"All those things you told me were lies!" Harry began to shout.

"NO! Harry that was me, the real me, I-" Lyn said desperately through her tears.

Harry continued to interrupt. "You lied to me! I told you things! I trusted you! And all this time you were just using me. What did you tell them?" Harry was so angry he felt like throwing something.

"No! Harry please listen. I couldn't, I didn't-" Lyn cried.

"Oh, really! Why? Why couldn't you? Why should I believe you?" Harry was breathing hard and staring daggers at her. He ignored her tears. He wasn't going to let her manipulate him again.

There was silence as Lyn looked down at her hands with tears streaming down her face. It was the first time in a long time that she had let tears fall in front of another person. In a small voice, no louder than a whisper Lyn said, "Because I love you."

Harry didn't want to hear it. He was angry. He didn't care. Fuming, Harry just shook his head and turned his back on her and began walking away.

"No! Harry please! Let me explain. Don't go! Harry, you don't know!"

Harry turned on his heel, "I know you're not who I thought you were! I know you lied to me, and that I'm a stupid git for ever believing you!" Harry stormed off. Lyn was left crying as if the ocean of her eyes suddenly couldn't hold back the tide.

21. Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Harry returned to Griffyndor tower in a rage. He had been played. Malfoy was right; he was easy. It made Harry sick to think about it. She had lied. She had gotten him to open up and tell her things that only Ron and Hermione knew. Now, all those intimate details would be in Voldemort's hands to do with as he pleased. Harry was embarrassed and ashamed. He was grief stricken. He had cared for Lyn more than he had realized. Her betrayal stung him like a knife. When he got to the common room Harry pulled aside Ron and Hermione and gave them a blow by blow of what had just transpired in the hospital wing. They were both in shock and taken back. Ron didn't seem to know what to say. "She? I can't believe this! All this time and we didn't suspect a thing! She's good, I'll give her that." Ron finally said in disgust.

Hermione had kept unusually quiet. It was obvious she was shocked by the news but she didn't have the same anger in her eyes as Ron did. Instead, Harry detected concentration and concern in her face. As Harry had retold the story he got angrier. He hated admitting it, but he had fallen for Lyn. He found that it was easier to stay mad than to think about what he had lost. Hermione's silence was making his fume. "You could at least act like you're on my side Hermione," Harry snapped at her.

Hermione sighed, shook her head and said, "Harry, I am. But...well, I can understand why she didn't tell you."

"What is that supposed to mean? Are you saying you would rather she still be getting me to hand her information so she can pass it along to Voldemort?" Harry yelled back at her.

In a calm and troubled voice Hermione replied, "No, but I don't think

she was giving information to Voldemort in the first place."

"Hermione, she said she was! She admitted it!" Ron said in exasperation.

"No, she didn't. She said that was what she was supposed to do." Hermione explained. Her expression was serious.

"What difference does it make? She's got Death Eaters for parents! She's probably one herself!" Harry stormed.

Hermione was becoming agitated. "You've got the Dursley's as family! Does that make a difference in who you are?" Harry just glared at her before she continued, "Look, I'm not saying what she did was right. But, I don't think she's a Death Eater. I don't even think she's working for them. It just doesn't add up. You didn't let her explain. You seem to be forgetting some very important things Harry."

"Yeah, like what?" Harry shot at her.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione continued, "Well, what about the fact that she called You Know Who by his name? Death Eaters never say that, they always call him the Dark Lord."

"That doesn't prove anything." Ron said.

"What do you mean it doesn't add up? She's a spy! She's supposed to make us think she's on our side, and you're still buying it!" Harry said.

Hermione raised her voice, "You still aren't listening! Look, I 've seen her laugh, I've seen her look at you Harry, and you can't fake things like that! What about the marks on her back? Aren't you forgetting about those? How'd she get them? If she's working with them than why would they hurt her?"

A part of what Hermione was saying was starting to penetrate Harry's angry mind but he quickly said, "Malfoy said she was always messing things up. They probably punished her for it."

"Well, for someone who messes up all the time, she sure seemed to all the sudden do an excellent job on this assignment didn't she?" Hermione shot back. "Maybe if you could get passed your embarrassment and stop thinking your life is the only one that's bad, or that your life is the only one that's been affected by Voldemort, you might be able to imagine what Lyn might be going through! Sure she lied, but she probably did it because she knew you would react just like this!" Hermione was breathing hard now. She tried to steady her voice as she said, "She didn't have to tell you Harry. She could have come up with some excuse. She could have said that her parents were just abusive to keep her cover. Instead, she told you the truth Harry. Maybe you should consider that for a momentâ€¦I don't think she was playing you. I think you've got this all wrong." Hermione said vehemently. She turned and stormed out of the common room leaving Harry standing dumb founded behind her.

Ron just looked at Harry in stunned silence. Harry wanted to continue to argue and shout, but what Hermione had said sunk into his mind and made his insides twist.

22. Chapter 22

Chapter 22

Harry felt worse with the passing of the next day. He hadn't slept, and he couldn't bring himself to eat. Hermione wasn't speaking to him. The things Hermione had said and the replay of what had happened between him and Lyn kept pushing their way to the front of Harry's mind. He tried to justify his words and actions. He had a right to be upset, she had lied to him. Who wouldn't be shocked by the news that your girlfriend had been raised by Death Eaters? But the more Harry thought about it the more he realized he may have been wrong about Lyn's intentions. She had tried to tell him something and he hadn't given her the chance. He found himself missing her terribly. However, he was also afraid that the girl he missed didn't really exist. Hermione's words came back to him, 'I've seen her look at you Harry. You can't fake something like that.' Harry wasn't sure who Lyn was anymore. Everything seemed jumbled up inside his head. He could hardly believe that less than two days ago he had been holding her hand without a single concern that she might not be what she seemed.

Again, Hermione's words stung him; 'Maybe if you could get passed your embarrassment and stop thinking your life is the only one that's bad, or that your life is the only one that's been affected by Voldemort, you might be able to imagine what Lyn might be going throughâ€¦'

Perhaps he had been selfish, and rash; only thinking about himself and the struggles that he had to face; the nightmare that was Voldemort, and how it had ruined his life and still continued to do so. Hermione had been right. Voldemort had affected more than just his life. He had reacted without thinking. The vision of Lyn's scared and beaten back kept flashing into Harry's mind, making him sick. Harry decided he needed to talk to her. Then he couldn't say he hadn't listened. The thought of facing her put cold fear into his heart. He was torn between wanting her to say things to justify how he had reacted, and wanting her to have an explanation that would prove her innocence. Suddenly, Harry realized that if he truly had been wrong about her that it still wouldn't erase the damage that had been done. If she was innocent there was no excuse for the way he had behaved toward her. He wasn't sure he could face her knowing he had contributed to her pain. Harry cursed under his breath. Why was nothing simple? He hated himself. The only thing that was clear to him was that he had to find out the truth. He had to talk to her.

Harry walked into the hospital wing feeling as if he were crawling back to someone who surely didn't want to see him. He spotted Lyn in the same place he had left her. She was curled up on her side with her back to him. Instead of the hospital gown, she was wearing a pale blue t-shirt and sweat pants. Harry approached the bed and awkwardly went around to the other side so she could see him.

Lyn didn't look at him but said, "What are you doing here?"

Harry was surprised to hear that her voice wasn't hostile or angry, rather, it was quiet and tired. She sounded like she was still

fighting off a cold. Her eyes were puffy and blood shot from crying. Harry didn't know where to start. He hadn't thought of what to say before coming and was wishing he had. "I came because Hermione said I should hear your side of the story."

Lyn gave him a small sigh. She felt her frustration pressing against her chest. "Well, at least someone made you come to your senses. I suppose she really is the smartest one in the group."

Harry didn't have a reply. He found himself oddly glad that her voice held a tone of anger to it. He thought he could handle a fight better than her being emotionless.

Lyn said quietly, "I thought you didn't want to see me again? I thought you didn't know me?" Her voice was cold. She understood why Harry had reacted the way he had. She had almost expected it, but it still hurt.

"I guess I deserve that. But I'm still not sure if I know you or not. It did come as a bit of a shock you know." Harry tried not to sound annoyed, but didn't fully succeed.

"Yeah, but you don't have to live with it." Lyn didn't want to make this easy for him. Her emotions were still raw.

"Look, I don't know what you're talking about. That's why I'm here." Harry sighed.

Lyn shifted and sat up against the pillows, looking Harry in the eyes for the first time. "Are you going to listen this time? You have to promise you won't yell or interrupt me." Lyn stated flatly.

"Fine," Harry agreed. "What happened to your back?"

"No. This is not an interview. I have to start at the beginning. Don't worry, you'll hear the answer to your question soon enough." Lyn had never told anyone what she was preparing to tell Harry at that very moment. She wasn't even sure she had the strength to. Taking a deep breath to calm her pounding heart, she fixed her eyes on the end of the bed and began to tell Harry about her life.

*** Hey guys! Thanks for reading! So, what do you think? These last few chapters were really tricky for me. I'd love to know what you like about them or what you hate about them. Please send me feedback. I'll continue to try to update quickly. Next chapter will reveal a lot more about Lyn and her past.

23. Chapter 23

Chapter 23

"I was born into a family of Death Eaters. I have a brother who is 5 years older than me. Growing up our parents taught us things about magic and the dark arts. Our house was dark and cold, just like the people that lived there." An involuntary shiver ran through Lyn's body. "Instead of my parents reading fairy tales to me, they told me and my brother stories about what they did as Death Eaters. My brother loved it. He couldn't get enough of the dark arts. But I was different. There was something wrong with me. I hated the stories

and the magic. It scared meâ€|my mom hated it when I would cry out for her because of my nightmaresâ€|" Lyn paused, biting her lip, as if reliving a bad memory. Harry didn't want to think about what her mother's response was to her having nightmares. He thought he could guess though by the look on her face. "Somehowâ€|I wasâ€|I just knew it wasn't right. When my brother and I got older our parents started giving us assignments, to train us how to use dark magic. My brother did everything he was told. My parents started to notice that I wasn't like him. I wouldn't do what they asked. I would run, hide, or if I did try I would always manage to mess things up. That's when they started hitting me. I was seven." Lyn took a deep breath. She felt exposed. Yet, somewhere inside of her she found it felt like a weight was being lifted.

Harry was startled by her story. He found himself, again, being filled with rage. This time it was on behalf of Lyn and the injustice she had suffered. "But, you didn't do anything wrong! How could they-"

"Harry, that's just it. I didn't _want _to do anything wrong. They despised me for it. They made me feel as if I wasn't normal. They were ashamed to have a daughter who didn't revel in the dark arts." Lyn couldn't help but feel better knowing that Harry had just defended her. "They didn't give up hope that I would follow in their footsteps though. Or maybe they just thought they could beat it into meâ€|They tried to scare me into doing what they asked," Lyn sighed as she felt hot tears on the edges of her eyes. "It worked. Harry, I did some awful things when I was younger." A couple of tears escaped as the memories of her childhood pushed in on her. She quickly wiped them away. "But the more they punished me the more I grew to loath them. As I got older I became less afraid. I learned not to show them my tears." A small, grim smile crept up her mouth, "It made them angrier not to see me weak, but I didn't care. It was one of the only things I could control, so I did. They wanted to make me a child they could be proud ofâ€|but they were really just giving me more reasons to resist them. My parents tried to put me under the Imperious Curse. Somehow, I fought back. They could hurt my body, but I wouldn't let them hurt me on the inside too. I wasn't like them and I never would beâ€|.After school I would go to one of my friends' houses in the neighborhood. They were all muggles, but they were my real family. I'd play with them as long as I could to avoid going home. So, when I told you I knew a lot about muggle games from my neighbors I was telling the truth. My friends showed me what a family was supposed to be like. When I turned eleven, and came to Hogwarts, it was like paradise. I got to spend the whole school year away from my parents. There were students just like me that didn't want anything to do with dark magic. I could fit in. My brother was still here, so it wasn't a total escape, but it was closer than anything I'd ever known. I was sorted into Hufflepuff while the rest of my family had always been in Slytherin. Amazingly, my parents left off giving me nasty assignments during my first three years at school. Not that they stopped beating meâ€|but they gave all the important jobs to my willing brother. It suited me just fine. Well, after my brother left school he joined the Death Eatersâ€|family tradition." Lyn smirked. "With my brother gone, my parentsâ€|they found a family friend who was willing to keep an eye on me after that. Bully me, would be a more appropriate way to phrase it. You know him." Lyn took a quick glance at Harry to see if he had figured it out, "Draco Malfoy," she said. She watched Harry's face turn into a scowl.

Harry wasn't surprised that Lyn's family knew the Malfoy's. Most Death Eaters were close to other Death Eater families. "Yeah, I know him alright. In fact while you were gone he stopped me in the hall and told me I was an idiot for dating the enemy," Harry confessed.

Lyn gasped, "He didn't?! That stupid, jealous, littleâ€¦Urgh!"

"I was a little confused why he would tell me that." Harry admitted.

"Because he wanted to make fun of you, and make trouble for me. He's good at thatâ€¦.And he's jealousâ€¦" Lyn's voice trailed off and Harry saw the fog roll back over her eyes.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

Lyn sat quietly for a while. Her memories were threatening to consume her. She drew her knees up, hugging her legs, and buried her head in her blanket. She was trying to calm her breathing.

Harry was startled by the severe reaction his question had caused her. He hesitated, but reached out gently to touch her shoulder. He felt her shudder. "Lyn?"

Lyn looked up with blurry eyes. She said, "My parents want me to marry him. They think it will redeem them if I can marry into a good Death Eater familyâ€¦."

"What? You can'tâ€¦!"

"I know! Draco told me he overheard both our parents discussing it one night. That was two year ago. After that, Draco thought he owned me. He had always wanted to date me but I never gave him the time of day. He hated me for it but he left me alone. But after he heard about the marriage planâ€¦" Lyn didn't think she could continue.

Harry didn't think he could listen to any more. His imagination was playing horrific scenarios in his head. With a dry mouth Harry asked, "Did heâ€¦?"

Understanding what Harry was thinking she replied quickly, "Noâ€¦" Lyn shut her eyes tight against the memories. Draco had not raped her, but she still felt dirty from his touch. She breathed and continued, "He wouldn't leave me alone though. He keptâ€¦pushing himself on me. He was roughâ€¦" Lyn started rubbing her arms as if trying to get rid of the memory of his touch on her skin. She felt slightly sick. "He'd drag me to some secluded spot andâ€¦kiss me...I hated it. I fought back. One time, he slipped up and decided to try to grab me in a hallway that was far too crowded. I screamed and kicked him. I was drawing attention so he backed off. I told my parents that here was no way in hell I was marrying Draco and if they didn't call it off I'd tell everyone about who they really wereâ€¦they didn't like that at all. I got a good whipping for itâ€¦it must have scared them a little though because Draco didn't try to touch me after that." Lyn had a mixture of anguish and triumph on her face. "It must be driving him mad to see us together!" A slight grin escaped her lips.

Harry couldn't help but grin back. It was a nice thought that Malfoy was jealous of him. He sobered quickly however, at the thought of Draco touching her. Suddenly, he had the overwhelming urge to punch something.

"My parents aren't too bright, and they are obviously in denial that I am nothing like them. They hate not being in control all the time. Maybe they thought they had beaten me enough to try again, because this year they gave me an assignment. They wanted someone to get information about you. To spy on you and then pass whatever might be important to them, so they could give it to Voldemort. They want more power. They want Voldemort to trust them. Draco couldn't do it seeing as how you already hate him." Lyn gave him an approving smile. "So they picked me. I told them straight on that I wouldn't do it. That didn't go down too well, as you can imagine." Lyn paused as if in a trance remembering what had happened next. In a quiet, subdued voice Lyn looked down at her hands and said, "The Curcio Curse. That was what they did. They also threatened to take me out of school—that was the real threat. Harry, I was scared! I couldn't leave Hogwarts, it's my home. I was afraid what my parents would do—so I agreed to do what they wanted." Lyn suddenly felt an urgency to explain. In a great rush she said, " But Harry, you must believe me! I never intended to go through with it. I was trying to avoid you all year! I would just follow you at a distance so that Malfoy would think I was eavesdropping on you. He's been looking over my shoulder all year." Lyn spat with anger. "That day we ran into each other in the hall _was_ an accident. I figured I would never speak to you again. But things didn't work out that way—I like you Harry. I knew it wouldn't end well, but I couldn't resist. I was terrified what my parent would do if they found out we were dating. But I came up with a lie and told them I was only dating you to get close to you. To get the job done. To get the information they wanted. And they were stupid enough to buy it. Harry I've been playing _them_, not you. All those times you told me things, I never told anyone else. I promise. This whole year I've just been making things up about you and sending it to my parents. Just before Christmas though, Draco cornered me in the hall and told me my parents weren't happy with what I was giving them. They were getting impatient and suspicious." Lyn took a deep breath. "When I went home for the holiday they showed me what they thought about the information I was giving them—well—you saw that already," Lyn sighed. Her head hung low and she couldn't bring herself to meet Harry's gaze. She felt out of breath by her confession to him. It just hung in the air. The anxiety, waiting for his response, was making her head pound.

Harry was in slight shock. Everything she had said made sense. Harry knew she was telling the truth. Maybe it was the anger, desperation, and disgust in her voice as she had spoken. Harry didn't know, but it felt right to believe her. He began to remember things that at the time, Harry hadn't thought much about. Now, they seemed to fit into place: The first night they had gotten together and Lyn had said with a shadowy face that there were worse things than detention, the hatred for Malfoy, the way she had pulled out of their kiss—Harry wondered, "That night you pulled away when we were kissing—"

Lyn hadn't expected that to be Harry's first words. She drew her eye brows together questioningly. Then she remembered. Lyn said, "That was the same day Malfoy had cornered me in the hall." Lyn slowly slid the sleeve of her t-shirt up her left arm revealing a large, nasty colored bruise.

Harry ground his teeth in frustration. Returning his gaze back to Lyn his face softened. He remembered he had let his hands slide down her shoulders to her arms. He must have rubbed her bruised arm. With horrible realization he said, "I hurt you. That's why you pulled away." Harry wanted to scream. After everything she had been through he had caused her more pain.

Lyn couldn't stand the look of agony on Harry's face. "You didn't know."

Suddenly, more visions of Lyn returned to his mind as he said, "You looked ill when you came back after Christmas. You were exhausted."

Lyn replied, "An unfortunate side effect of little sleep, little food, and too manyâ€|too much time spent with my father."

Harry swallowed his horror. "Your hands were shaking."

Lyn sighed, "Again, another unfortunate side effectâ€|" Lyn whispered, "It can affect the nerves for a couple days."

"What can?" Harry asked without really wanting to know.

"The Curciatus Cruse." Lyn sighed.

Harry felt like a fool to be sitting there listening to everything Lyn had gone through, knowing that he had walked out on her as if she was scum, only a day and a half ago. His guilt was threatening to eat him alive. He couldn't think of a single thing to make it right. He wanted to fix it all and had no idea how.

Harry's long silence was making Lyn concerned. Out of desperation she began talking again, "Harry, I was being myself with you. I'm Evelyn Simmons. I'm seventeen. I like to watch Quidditch, and I love the fall. I want to explore the Shrieking Shack, and I'm afraid of heights. Everything I told you was true. Well, except how I knew Dobby. Since my family is friends with the Malfoy's I met Dobby when I was very young. He used to sneak out and visit me sometimes. He even told me about how he tried to save your life in our second year. I would have warned you, but Dobby couldn't bring himself to tell me why he was trying to save your life. I found out later about the diary, listening to a conversation my parents were having. When Dobby started to work here he told me how to get into the kitchens. But everything else is true Harry. I'm no Death Eater." Lyn lifted her arm, showing him her smooth skin. "Look. I'm sorry I didn't tell you about my family. I've never told anyone."

Harry couldn't understand how Lyn could be who she was after living the life she had described to him. She was bold, brave, clever, and kind. Harry remembered what Dumbledore had told him years agoâ€| 'it isn't your abilities that make you who you are, it's your choices.' Harry had a new understand of that statement. He felt awful about himself. _How could she even look at me anymore after what I did_, Harry thought. _If she told me to leave and never talk to her again, I'd deserve it._

"You're amazing." Harry finally said.

Lyn seemed slightly confused and looked up at him questioningly, "Then...youâ€| you believe me?"

"Yes. I do." Harry said. "I'm sorry Lyn. I'm so sorry. I should have believe you the first time. I shouldn't have..." Harry paused as he remembered what Lyn had said to him the day before. "You told me you couldn't do it. I didn't listen. You saidâ€|you said it was because you loved meâ€|" Harry's heart was pounding. He knew he didn't deserve her love, and yet he earned for it more now than he ever had. He wanted nothing more than to wrap her in his arms and make sure nothing bad ever happened to her again.

Lyn saw the struggle in Harry's eyes. She knew he felt guilty and confused. She was shocked when Harry remembered her words. She felt her cheeks grow warm. Lyn knew he was asking her a question even if he hadn't phrased it that way. She didn't know if she wanted to answer him. He may believe that she's not a Death Eater, but there was no guarantee that Harry would return the feelings she had for him. Finally, she bit her lip and looking him in the eyes, her heart pounding, said, "I do."

Harry's heart pumped hard. He couldn't believe what she had just said. She had forgiven him and pronounced her love for him in those two simple words. He had expected her to dismiss him, even shout her anger at him. But no. Once again, Lyn proved she was different. Harry asked, "Still?"

Lyn shook her head as she said, "Still." Silence followed. Lyn was growing anxious. Harry had still not declared his feeling one way or the other to her and it was taxing her strength.

Harry saw a look of grief and longing in Lyn's tired eyes. He realized he had not given her any return indication of his affection. He gently took her chin in his hands and lifting her face toward him, closed his lips against hers. Harry pulled away when he felt her tears fall on the hand that was holding her face.

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Lyn chocked out with a slight laugh, "You might let a girl know you expect a life story before you date her." Lyn felt suddenly exhausted both emotionally and physically.

Harry smirked at her but grew serious as he grasped both her hands and said, "Lyn, I'm so sorry. You were right. I've been such an idiot. To think I was rambling on about how bad the Dursley's were! I feel awful. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes. But I haven't been perfect either. I should have told you sooner. I just didn't know how. Do you forgive me?"

"Of course." Harry hesitated, "Lynâ€|are you sure youâ€|I meanâ€| are you sure you love me?...I'm not sure I deserve-"

"Did I say I loved you? I must have been mental." Lyn interrupted. She hoped he wasn't trying to back out on her. She couldn't bare to lose him again. So, she had stopped him and decided to try to lighten the mood. She was fairly confident that his remark came only from his guilt.

Harry wasn't sure if she was teasing him or not. Lyn said with amused

eyes, and a pleasant smile, "Teasing you isn't fair. I must remember not to do it so often." Harry gave her a quick smile. Lyn looked into his eyes and said in a whisper, "I meant what I said. I love you Harry."

Harry sighed in relief. "I love you too, Lyn. I'm so sorry." He took her into his arms and let her bury her head in his shoulder.

Her voice was muffled against his robes when she said, "You only reacted as I thought you would. Probably how anyone would." She pulled back and looked at him, "Besides, if you think a little arguing is going to make me stop wanting to be with you, then you have another thing coming. Whatever you've done to me, I can't seem to break free of it. So, if you want to get rid of me you better tell it right to my face or I'm not lightly to take the hint." Lyn responded with a bewitching smile and a sparkle in her blue eyes.

It was the first time in days that Harry had seen her eyes fill with light. "Don't worry. There is no way I am letting you get away again." He leaned in to kiss her but she turned her head and said, "You shouldn't, you'll catch my cold."

Harry turned her head back toward him and smiling widely leaned into her ear and whispered, "I don't care." He felt her shudder as his warm breath hit her cheek. He tipped back her head and kissed her. He was careful to be gentle and slow with her. He felt her lips part and her tongue lightly graze his top lip, asking for more. Harry quickly obliged her and their kiss deepened.

Pulling away for air, Lyn smiled, "I'll have to thank Hermione for knocking some sense into you." Harry chuckled and kissed her again.

***What do you think? It took me forever to figure this chapter out...I am still not sure if I love it..but let me know what you think. Thanks everyone!

24. Chapter 24

Chapter 24

Two days later Lyn was released from the hospital and found herself in an empty classroom with Harry, Ron and Hermione. With Lyn's permission, Harry gave Ron and Hermione a condensed version of what Lyn had shared with him. Lyn couldn't bring herself to retell it so she had passed that job to Harry. Lyn was thankful that Harry glossed over the more intimate and unsightly parts of her past. As Harry spoke, he was conscious of Lyn's slightest reaction. He felt her tense, tremble and breath next to him. He did his best to give only a brief account. Still, when he was done he was aware how drained Lyn looked. Harry knew she had relived the awful memories as he had spoken. He protectively placed his arm around her shoulders and felt her lean into his warm embrace. Harry looked at his friends. Hermione had a look on her face that clearly said, 'I told you so.'

Ron looked utterly speechless until he blurted out, "Wow! You've got some guts to be standing up to Death Eaters like that!" He seemed highly impressed.

"Ron! You could show a bit more sensitivity," Hermione scolded.

"It's alright. I've never really been praised for doing what I wasn't supposed to do. Thanks Ron," Lyn gave a light chuckle.

"So, what are you going to do now?" Hermione asked.

"Well, my only option is to just keep up the charade. At least until school is almost out. I don't want to risk being taken out of school." Lyn said. She turned to Harry. He was disturbed to see the panic in Lyn's eyes as she said, "I have to make it through the school year. If they take me out of school I'll never get away." Lyn's breathing quickened. She knew perfectly well that if her parents were upset enough to pull her out of school that it meant she may not survive to tell about it. The thought was making it hard to breathe as she said, "By the end of the year I'll be of age. I can figure something out. I won't go back. I'll leave. I can't I can't go back there."

Harry pulled her shaking body to him and smoothed her curls. It was obvious she was in distress and he wanted nothing more than to curse her whole family. He said, "Lyn, it's alright. You're safe here. No one will hurt you. We'll help. I'll make sure no one takes you away. I won't let them hurt you anymore."

Lyn settled down after a moment and her cheeks grew hot with embarrassment. She shook her head, "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry about," Hermione reassured her. "What can we do?"

Lyn took a deep breath and regrouped. "Well, I only wrote my parents once every couple of weeks or so, but I could use some help coming up with new things to tell them about Harry. All false of course. But it does need to be occasionally good so they don't get any more suspicious or upset."

"Are they really giving stuff you say to You Know Who?" Ron asked.

"I don't know. I don't think so, at least not most of it. I haven't been coming up with anything too good, which is why they showed me their displeasure over break." She felt Harry squeeze her hand. She sent a soft smile his way before continuing, "If there is nothing worthy to report to Voldemort than their plan to try to get into his good graces is not going to work. Mostly, we just have to keep them thinking that I am at least trying to do what they want." Lyn explained.

"What about Malfoy?" Harry asked. Lyn noted the almost murderous look in Harry's eyes.

"Well, he's going to continue to keep an eye on me I am sure. But I wouldn't worry about him. He can only threaten really. He can't do much with teachers and students everywhere." Lyn shrugged.

Harry ground his teeth, " That didn't keep him from hurting you last time."

Lyn gave him a weak smile. "I'll be alright. And now I have you to watch my back." Lyn gave him a playful wink. "Besides, it's not like he can curse me in the halls without getting into trouble himself."

Harry sighed. She was right. He'd be a bit more watchful of her now. But if Harry was honest with himself, he didn't worry about Malfoy cursing Lyn as much as he worried about him forcing her into some dark classroom with him. The thought made Harry clench his fist and bite his lip so hard that he tasted blood.

The four of them spent the rest of their time together coming up with ideas for Lyn to use in her letters home. It was a fun way to pass the time since the ideas ranged from being allergic to toffee, to being exceptionally good at reading tarot cards! In the end they came up with at least a few good ideas that Lyn deemed respectable enough to use. Lyn was beaming. She had never felt so free. Knowing that Harry trusted her, and she had friends who knew the full story of who she was, and were willing to share her secrets. The best reward was knowing that while Harry knew all about her jaded past, he still wanted her. Every time Harry looked at her she felt her heart skip a beat. She wasn't alone any more.

25. Chapter 25

So, please review! There will occasionally be jumps in time to move the story along a bit. If you like the story than let me know what about it you like and why. It helps me stay motivated!
THanks!

Chapter 25- **_There is a jump in time here. A few months have passed and the school year is nearly over._**

One week. That was all the time Lyn had left at Hogwarts. She felt a twinge of pain to be leaving behind the only place she had really felt safe. She was also anxious about what the future would hold. She couldn't go back home. Lyn knew that her parents were not happy with her and she feared at this time their wrath would result in her life.

Things were going splendidly between her and Harry. She was unsure what was going to happen between them once school got out, or what Harry's intentions were. She didn't want to lose him. They had only briefly discussed the possibility of living together. It had been in passing, late one night. That had been months ago however and they had not discussed it since.

Walking the hall, with these suddenly pressing thoughts, running through her mind she saw Draco appear to block her path. Lyn sighed in annoyance, "Oh, look who it is, the little blonde mama's boy." She felt surprise and satisfied as the harsh words left her mouth. What had gotten into her? Perhaps it was knowing that in just a few days everything would change, or maybe she was just fed up with it all, or maybe she was just in a bad mood at that moment. Whatever the feelings were that spurred her on she let them flare up inside her.

Malfoy grabbed Lyn's arm and pushed her against the nearest wall. "You better watch your mouth! You wouldn't want me to tell your

parents you speak to me like that."

Lyn looked straight at him and said with calm defiance, "Actually, you can tell them if you want. And while we're on the subject of giving my parents information, you can also tell them that they are the stupidest people I know."

"Getting brave are you? You won't be so brave when they get done with you. I am sure they have a nice welcome home gift waiting for you." Malfoy raised his hand to slap her.

Lyn caught his wrist just before it made contact. "I was just playing them, and you actually. All the stuff I told my parents is rubbish. All lies. I made it all up. I never told them a single thing worth telling Voldemort. So, you can relay the message."

Malfoy glared at her, ripping his arm from her grasp in anger and disbelief. Lyn continued, "You can also tell my dear parents I won't be returning home."

"Where are you going to live? In the streets with the other rats?" Malfoy spat at her.

Lyn only smiled and said, "Like I would tell you. Farewell Draco. Try to break the news carefully, I wouldn't want you to get into any trouble. You know—shoot the messenger and all that nonsense." She turned her back to him and began walking away.

"This isn't over Simmons! They'll get you one day. You won't get away with this. They'll find you. You have nowhere to go! You'll pay!" Malfoy yelled as he whipped out his wand. But before he could do anything, he found that his body was stiff as a board, and he couldn't move.

Lyn turned, "You'll have to be quicker than that if you hope to become a Death Eater you know." Lyn disappeared out into the grounds, stuffing her wand away and feeling a bubble of pure exhilaration overtake her. Lyn knew that Malfoy was right however. Her parents would probably come after her. They had a strong dislike for her and now—well, she was sure their hatred would lead them to want revenge. Particularly since she was not only a traitor in their eyes, but actually dating Enemy Number One! The irony of it almost made Lyn laugh. She tried to push the disturbing thought out of her mind. For now, she had won. She didn't want the unknown to ruin her feeling of triumph. She would deal with that problem if and when the time came.

Lyn walked across the grounds with a spring in her step. She saw Harry standing under a tree by the lake. She made her way toward him. Harry saw her coming and admired the way the breeze blew the curls around her smiling face. He greeted her with a warm embrace and was pleasantly surprised when Lyn gave him a passionate kiss.

"Why are you so happy? What did you do?" Harry asked with a look of suspicion on his teasing face.

"What makes you think I did something? Maybe I'm just happy to see you. Can't a girl kiss her boyfriend and be happy about it?" Lyn responded with a smile.

" I appreciate your enthusiasm. But, I know that look. What happened?" Harry asked as he ran his hand along her small waist.

"I ran into Malfoy."

Harry immediately gritted his teeth. "If he touched you I'll-

"Actually, I think he regrets talking to me," She said with a satisfied grin.

"What happened?"

"Let's just say he will be staying put for a while. Unless someone comes along and releases unfreezes him of course."

Harry chuckled. He could imagine the stunned look on Malfoys face as Lyn paralyzed him. "I wish I could have been there to see that. So, you told him, did you?"

"Yes, it was wonderful. It's over. I'm not going back Harry," Lyn said as they both looked out over the lake at the setting sun.

"No. You can't. I'm not going back to the Dursley's either."

They stood in silence for some time. Lyn found her insecurities about the future bubbling in her throat. She wished Harry would say something. She needed to know what he was thinking. She had no idea where she was going to go when school was over or how she was going to pay for anything. She only a few galleons to her name and what possessions she could fit in her trunk. Harry had not specified his own plans to her. Her triumph with Malfoy was slipping away and she was beginning to feel at a lose. She felt the anxiety pressing in on her. She finally tried to release some of her tension and sighed deeply.

Harry felt Lyn tense and then sigh as if she was worried about something. He turned so he could look at her fully and asked, "Are you alright?"

With his invitation Lyn burst out, "I'mâ€¦I don't know what I'm doing. I have no money and no real plan. My parents are going to be furious. They'll probably try to find me. I have no idea where I'm-

Suddenly Harry understood and tried to reassure her. "Hey, it's going to be alright. I thought we had decided to live together? Don't you know by now that I have no intention of leaving you?"

Lyn was taken back by the firm and almost desperate tone that Harry had used to convince her of his devotion. "Iâ€¦We had just mentioned it in passing. That was months ago. I wasn't sure if youâ€¦ I meanâ€¦"

Harry kicked himself. Had she really spent months worry about where she was going to live? Why had he not talked about it more with her? In Harry's mind it had been decided for a long time that she would live with him. Apparently, it had been an uncertain hope for her. Harry pulled her into a comforting hug and kissed the top of her head. "Lyn, I love you. I am not going to just walk away and leave

you to fend for yourself. What kind of man would I be? I want you to live with me. I'm sorry we haven't talked about it more. I thought you understood it was a done deal. I have to warn you though that Grimmauld Place is not exactly a nice comfy, cozy, warm place. However, it is the most protected place I can think of for us to live untilâ€¦wellâ€¦until things are different."

Lyn knew what he meant. Without the protection of Hogwarts, and with the end of the blood wards to keep Harry safe at the Dursley's, there were few places that Harry would be able to live without Voldemort finding him. Even Grimmauld place was a gamble. They both knew the war was coming soon. Much was uncertain.

Lyn felt a wash of relief flood over her. He loved her. There was a future, no matter how uncertain. She was suddenly desperate that her future be entwined with his. The thought of being his roommate was appealing and yet it wasn't what she really wanted. Against his robes she said, "I love you too Harry." She tried to push back the thought that was pressing on her mind but suddenly her lips parted and she said timidly, "Harry?...Marry me." Her breathing became stilted as she realized what she had said. Lyn felt Harry tense. His arms squeezing her tighter.

Harry was in complete shock. He had not expected her sudden statement of desire and love. He pulled her away from him so that he could look at her. For a while they did nothing but stare at one another, as if memorizing every feature. Finally Lyn broke her gaze from him and looking down said, "This is the part where you say something."

Shaking himself Harry said, "Iâ€¦Aren't we kind of young?"

Lyn sighed at the uncertainty in his eyes, "I suppose seventeen is young, yes. But, we are almost out of school. We will be pursuing our careers. We are far from being children. Besides, I think we have both gone through things that even some full grown wizards have never had to deal with."

Harry couldn't deny that she was right. His age had nothing to do with it. It had been a sorry excuse for what was really troubling him. "Iâ€¦what about the prophesy?" Harry took a deep breath. He already had reservations about having Lyn stay with him. It would put her far too close to the danger that was heading his way. Marrying her would paint a clear target on Lyn's back. All his enemies would know what leverage to use against him. The thought was paralyzing. "You would be in danger. You already have Death Eaters who aren't too happy with you. If anything happened to youâ€¦" Harry couldn't finish.

"Oh, so now we come to the real problem." Lyn bit her lip. She knew Harry was deeply worried and concerned. She wanted to reassure him, but knew as well as he did, that the future was not going to be an easy, care free life. She touched his face gently and said, "Harry, you said it yourself, there are already Death Eaters who want me punished. I am already in danger. This is my choice to make, don't you think? What about Ron and Hermione? Do you really think they are just going to stop being friends with you? You can't shut us out. If you haven't noticed I'm pretty good at taking care of myself. I won't leave you to face all of this alone. I know you want to protect me. I know you will try. We both will. I don't want to stop living my life

just because I don't know how long it will be. I would rather spend a few months being happy with you than an entire lifetime without you." Lyn was pleased to see Harry lift his head and look at her. Before she knew what was happening, her world was full of him. His pine wood, musky scent enveloped her. His hands were clinging to her waist and running through her curls. His lips were gentle but intense against her own. She gave a soft moan as he deepened the kiss and felt his hand lift her shirt and touch her bare skin. When Lyn felt him pull away for air she pressed her body against him to steady herself. She was slightly dizzy from the encounter. Still hugging him she said, "Even if your answer is no, I'm not going to walk away. Whatever comes, we would be stronger to face it together."

Harry was trying to figure things out. Her simple and innocent declaration of love for him had nearly sent him over the edge. A million thoughts were rushing through his head. He knew Lyn was right; it was her choice. He couldn't stop her from being involved. She had surprised him again. He loved that about her. He loved everything about her. Never had he thought she would so bluntly propose something so life changing as marriage. It wasn't as if the thought of marrying Lyn hadn't entered his mind before; it had. On those nights when he couldn't sleep he had found himself wishing for a future that was normal and quiet. Day dreams of having his own home had always included Lyn. Usually, the vision was of her doing some everyday task, like washing dishes while wearing a cute apron. In his more intimate day dreams, he had imagined her wearing nothing but the apron. The thought of anyone else being with her was unacceptable to him; even heart breaking. The thought of him loving anyone but her was equally unfathomable. His dreams of being with her had always been far in the future. But, here he was, suddenly realizing that the peaceful, quiet future he had dreamed of was just that; a dream. There was no guarantee that at any point in his life he would have that. So, he could either push everyone he cared about away in the hopes of saving them again without guarantee, or he could enjoy what time he had with them and hope for the best. Lyn had said she wouldn't go even if he turned her down. He believed her. She could be unquestionably stubborn when she wanted to be. No matter what he chose to do, there was a chance he would lose her. The thought made his chest hurt. He knew in that moment what to do. Taking a deep breath Harry said, "Isn't the guy supposed to propose?"

Lyn gave a soft exhaled laugh as she teased, "Well, a girl doesn't want to wait around forever. Besides, the look on your face was worth it. But, you still haven't answered the question." Lyn finished in an uneasy voice.

"You read my mind. Let's do this properly," Harry responded. He slowly knelt down and took her delicate hand in his. Suddenly Harry found his heart was pounding out of his chest and he struggled to calm himself. The change in his posture had made it all so real. Clearing his throat Harry gathered his courage and said, "Evelyn Simmons, I love you. You are unlike anyone I know. You've overcome so much, and you're still the most amazing person. I don't know where I would be without you to keep me on my toes. You make me crazy and all I do is crave more." Harry's smile faulted as he continued, "But, there are guaranteed to be dangers ahead. Ones I might not be able to fight. All I know is that I can't be without you." Harry sighed and kissed her hand. Then his smile returned as he said, "I would never dream of telling you what to do. But, if you are willing, will you be my wife?"

Lyn was pushing back the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes. She could feel her cheeks burning with emotion. She had not realized she had been holding her breath. She let it out and breathed deeply as she pulled him up from the ground. "Wife. Wowâ€¦I like the sound of that."

"Is that a yes?" Harry asked as he looked into her startling blue eyes. He had never thought she looked more beautiful. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled with unshed tears of joy.

"What do you think?" Lyn said, as she closed the gap between them with her lips.

When at last they pulled apart, Harry said, "I don't have a ring for you."

"That's alright. I don't need one. At least not right away," Lyn smiled. "But I will expect one eventually."

Harry returned her sensual smile and said, "I think I can arrange that." He pulled her in for another passionate kiss.

"Harry, thank you." Lyn said.

"For what?" Harry asked.

"For showing me what it's like to be loved."

"You made it easy for me," Harry said wrapping his arm around her. "And now you're stuck with me." They both chuckled and then Harry admitted, "I am not sure it's all sunken in yet."

"I know what you mean," Lyn agreed. They both stared out over the lake, watching the sky grow dark. There was silence, as they let their feelings wash over them and gave their brains time to catch up with what had just transpired between them. After a time Lyn said, "Maybeâ€¦later onâ€¦ when things areâ€¦settledâ€¦maybeâ€¦ we could build a house near the Burrow. I know how much you like it there. We could be close to friends and I'd love to see it."

Harry smiled at her sweet and beautiful view of their future. "I think that is an excellent idea." He squeezed her middle. Then added, "However, until then, I hope that Grimmauld place won't be too awful for you."

Lyn just laughed and said, "I grew up with Death Eaters, remember? I am sure the dark and mysterious interior that you've described Gimmauld place to be, is going to be far less of a shock to me than you fear."

Harry had to concede that she was most likely correct. Harry's thoughts then took a turn as he said, "What do you think Ron and Hermione will say when we tell them?"

"I'm sure I have no idea! Perhaps we should go tell them and find out." Lyn smiled mischievously.

They took one another's hands and walked back to the castle, each absorbing the life changing decision they had just made. Both were

feeling a bit overwhelmed, but neither one of them could remember feeling happier.

26. Chapter 26

Chapter 26

When Harry and Lyn told Ron and Hermione about their engagement they were of course surprised. Hermione however, was her usual self and acted as if she had expected it all along. "Well, I thought you might get married, but I admit I didn't expect it to be so soon. I thought you would wait tillâ€|well, till the whole You-Know-Who thing was taken care of." Hermione said timidly.

"Well, Lyn made some very convincing points on that matter." He glanced at Lyn with a sly smile. "I wouldn't be able to stop her getting involved anyway, and this way I can keep my eye on her," Harry explained.

"Marriage? You're getting married? This is too weird." Ron said, shaking his head.

"What's weird about it? Marriage is great. I bet they'll be really happy together. It's not like we're not old enough. We are of age now," Hermione said.

"So, what are you saying? You want to get married too?" Ron asked with a somewhat horrified look on his face.

Hermione blushed furiously and stammered, "Well, yes, I mean no. I mean someday, maybe not now but, someday I would like to be marriedâ€|. Well, anywayâ€|do you know where you're going to live?" Hermione asked, turning to Harry. Meanwhile, Ron's face seemed to indicate he was in some state of confusion and deep thought.

"Well, we will be at Grimmauld Place for a while. But when things settle down Lyn had the idea to build a place near the Burrow," Harry explained.

"Great, then we'll be neighbors!" Ron exclaimed, coming to himself.

"I'm glad you're on our side Ron. I was beginning to think you were going to give us a 'you are crazy' speech," Lyn joked.

Ron smiled, "You are crazy. But I'm really happy for you. I just wasn't prepared for it, that's all. Thanks for giving your best mate a warning, Harry!"

"I didn't have a warning myself Ron." Harry smiled at Lyn, who returned his smile with a musical giggle.

They passed the pleasant hour talking of the future and how weird it would be not to be returning to Hogwarts next year.

The school year ended with the usual fanfare. Harry felt a stab of sadness about leaving. Hogwarts had been his home for these past years. Lyn felt the same. Lyn confided in Harry that she would really love to be a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, and Harry thought

there could be no one better, considering her background. So, Harry took some comfort that perhaps he would be back again in a couple of years, if she got a teaching job. A nagging voice told him that a lot could change in just a couple of years. He silently prayed they would survive them.

Moving into Grimmauld place was a quick affair. Neither Harry nor Lyn had many possessions. Harry had told the Order about his plans to live there. Harry assured them that it could still be used as headquarters since he and Lyn wouldn't need much space. There were no objections and the day after school ended Harry found himself standing in the entrance to what was to be his new home. He gave Lyn a brief tour of the house. She seemed to be taking it well. It could have been worse. Since the Order had been using the house for its headquarters for a couple of years, a lot of the dust and more nasty parts of the house had been cleared already. Harry took note that Lyn tended to move around to the windows and pull back the heavy hangings to let in as much light as possible. In one of the main rooms she said, "Something will have to be done about these drapes. I hope you don't mind if I take them down?"

Harry laughed, "I wouldn't care if you burned them." He was pleased at how quickly she seemed to be settling in and taking charge.

As the tour took them to the upstairs bedrooms Harry paused at a door and swung it open. "This was where me and Ron stayed when we would be here during summer holiday. Back then it had two beds of course. But when we decided to move here I made the change to one big one." He let Lyn wander around looking at the odds and ends. Some of Ron's Chuddley Cannon posters still hung to one wall.

"So, is this going to be our room then?" Lyn asked. "It sure is large." She walked around and found the adjoining bathroom. She had purposely used the word 'our' to see what his reaction would be.

Harry felt hot and bothered all of the sudden. "Um, well, yesâ€¦I mean it will be our roomâ€¦once...I mean afterâ€¦"

Lyn almost laughed at him. "Harry, I'm teasing you. I know it isn't fair." She went to him and pulled him to sit on the edge of the bed. "I don't expect to share a room with you until we are properly married. Your response seems to confirm you feel the same way. I hope you're alright with that. I justâ€¦I want it to be special. I don't want to rush into things."

Harry blushed furiously when he realized the intimate act they were talking about was going to take place on the very bed they were now sitting on. Harry breathed a sigh to calm his nerves and his hormones before saying, "Good. I want to do it right too. You deserve thatâ€¦.thoughâ€¦I must admit I may be hard pressed to control myself." He gave her a sly and devilish look. She laughed and pushed him backwards onto the bed. Before Harry knew what was happening, Lyn was on top of him straddling his waist. She leaned down toward his face and her long hair fell over her shoulders, brushing his cheeks. Harry inhaled her honeysuckle scent. He watched her swiftly take one hand and sweep her hair around to one side, leaving part of her elegant neck exposed. She was driving him crazy. The need to kiss her exposed flesh burned inside of him. Lynn bent down to Harry's ear and whispered seductively, "You're not the only one." Then she proceeded

to kiss him senseless. The world dropped away as Harry was left with nothing but the feel of her traveling hands as they pressed against his chest and played in his hair. Her lips traversed his neck and lips with gentleness that made him groan for more. As abruptly as she had started, Lyn jumped off of him and stood by the bed. Harry sat up on his elbows eyeing her. She said, "So, where is my room then?"

Harry let out a soft laugh. "That's it?" He was amused by the dark blush that was creeping up Lyn's face. Her innocence made her look all the more desirable.

Lyn bit her lip as if embarrassed by her show of passion. "Yes. Don't want to give you too much of good thing. It might go to your head."

Harry laughed again. He jumped up, wrapped his arms around her waist, picked her up, and spun her around making her giggle. "This wedding can't happen quickly enough if you ask me." Harry pronounced.

When Harry had put her back on her feet Lyn said, "Thank you Harry."

"For?"

"Understanding."

Harry blushed slightly and said, "Come one. Your room is this way." He proceeded to lead her up the hall way. Two doors down from Harry's was the room that Ginny and Hermione had used during their stays at the house. It wasn't too pretty but it was clean and the dark brown bed spread had been replaced by a lavender colored one.

Lyn went to the window and pulled back the drapes. She cracked the window letting a fresh gust of air into the room. "This will do. It won't be for long anyway," She said with a glance to Harry and then turned back to the open window.

"No, it won't." Did she have any idea the power she had over him? Just watching her glide to the window had set Harry's heart pumping. The light exaggerated her figure and set her hair in a golden halo. Harry moved to kiss her lightly. They looked out the window together. Harry had taken up a position behind Lyn so that he could encircle her waist in his arms. He breathed, "Will you be alright here? I know it's dark. I hate to think of you reliving awful memories because this place is too much like your home."

Lyn shook her head, "No, it's not like my homeâ€¦I'm not even sure I'd call where I grew up 'home'. No, this is my home now. You're here. You help keep the darkness away. I will be fine. I'm tougher than I look. "

Harry tightened his embrace around her middle. "Indeed you are."

"I still need a ring you know." Lyn said. Her head was resting against his chest. She loved being embraced from behind. She could feel his strong muscles contract around her waist.

"Yes, my lady. Patience, remember?" Harry smirked. Lyn's hair was tickling his face.

"I don't have much of it. Remember?" Lyn chuckled.

"Hmmm, this is going to be a long couple of weeks, isn't it?" Harry said.

Lyn laughed and Harry was sure she was blushing even though he couldn't see her face. "All good things to those that wait my love." She replied somewhat sheepishly.

Harry turned her around in his arms so he could see her face. Sure enough, a soft pink had touched her cheeks. "For you, I'd wait forever." He was rewarded by her brilliant smile.

"I for one am glad it is only fourteen days," Lyn said softly as her blush deepened and she bit her lip.

Harry couldn't help but let out a bark of laughter. She was adorable. "Have I told you I love you today?"

"Yes. But I could always use a reminder."

"I love you." Harry again entangled his hands in her luscious hair and tasted her sweet lips.

PLEASE REVIEW!

27. Chapter 27

Chapter 27

'_You stupid girl! You are worthless!'_

Lyn's breathing quickened. He was coming. His heavy steps thundered toward her room. This was not going to be a good night for her. She quickly cowered in the corner of the room making herself as small as possible. Her stomach lurched from lack of food and the anxiety of what was coming. She swallowed her nausea. The door slammed against the wall as it flew open.

_ '__You dirty little rat! Come out! You need to be taught a lesson!'

_

_Lyn felt his large hand grab her arm and fling her against the wall, knocking the breath out of her. Opening her eyes she saw him glare at her. His face was hard, pale and calculating. "Please, father, don'tâ€¦" Lyn whimpered as a hard slap to her face sent her reeling.

_

_ '__Shut up! How dare you talk back to me!' her father spat. 'Get on the bed!' _

_Before Lyn could comply, a large hand had sent her flying to the bed. Lyn knew what was coming. She laid on her stomach, knowing that fighting him would only make it worse. She closed her eyes and tried to brace herself. His harsh voice reached her before the small leather strap did. 'Nothing! You have given us nothing! After half a year following that foul boy around and you have nothing to show for it! You're disgraceful! Now, I'll show you what happens when you

disappoint me.' _

Lyn sucked in her breath as the first hit landed harshly on her back. She felt her skin burn. She bit her lip to keep from crying out. The next hit tore her shirt apart and she gripped the sheet tightly. Again, and again her flesh was assaulted. Her father was shouting at her but she couldn't make out his words as her world spun. Her shirt was left in tatters. As the next hit slammed into her broken skin she cried out as her body trembled. Suddenly she felt rough hands grab her roughly and set her on her feet. She swayed and collapsed on the floor.

_ '___Get up you! That was just the beginning. Is it true?' Lyn was trying to keep the fog from consuming her mind. Her head was yanked back by her hair; her father's filthy breath made her gag, 'IS IT TRUE?' _

_ '___W..whaâ€|what?' _

_ '___Is it true you're dating him? Are you in love with him?! Draco doesn't seem too convinced you're doing your job. If you dare betray usâ€| ' Another slap brought her back to the floor. 'Well, perhaps I need to give you another reminder of our power.' _

_ '___Father, noâ€| ' _

_ '___Crucio!' _

Harry rolled over and stared at the ceiling. For a moment he was unsure where he was. Then remembered, he was at Grimmauld Place now. He shifted into a more comfortable position but couldn't get himself back to sleep. Glancing at the clock on the bedside table he sighed. It was only two in the morning. His improvement in the art of Occlumency helped rid Harry of most of his nightmares, but it also made him restless at night. He found that once he woke up it was hard to get his mind to settle again. His thoughts turned towards his godfather. Being in the old house brought back a lot of memories. A sting of pain crossed Harry's heart as he considered how many of the people he loved wouldn't be present for his future wedding. It still amazed Harry that he was doing something as normal as getting married. He had never really considered it possible. Especially, given what the prophecy had said about him. Everything had changed when he met Lyn. She had gotten inside of him somehow and filled up some of the empty spaces. He couldn't explain it. Harry rolled over again and adjusted his pillow. Harry suddenly sprang from the bed and instinctively drew his wand as a horrific scream echoed through the house. None of the alarms were going off to indicate an intrusion. His heart was pounding. Harry bolted from his room and ran down the hall. He quickly opened the door to Lyn's bedroom. Harry lit his wand in order to see into the dark room. The sight that met his eyes made his chest grow tight with alarm. Lyn's body was tangled in the sheets. Her limbs were struggling against them as she tossed her head back and forth groaning in pain. Harry knew right away that Lyn was having a nightmare. He approached the bed to try to wake her. Lyn's eyes were squeezed shut and Harry saw the sweat clinging to her brow. "Lyn, wake up. Lyn, it's alright." As Harry reached for her arm, she let out an ear splitting scream. Her body tensed. Harry climbed into the bed and grabbed Lyn around the waist to try control her. He held her head against him gently and said, "Lyn, wake up! It's just a dream. It's alright. I'm here. It's Harry. You're safe. Please wake

up." Harry felt her body begin to relax as she slowly come back to reality . Her breathing was ragged. "It's alright. I'm here. Calm down. It was a dream. You're alright," Harry whispered in her ear. A strangled voice said, "Harry?"

"Yes. I'm here. It's alright. You had a nightmare." Harry pulled her against him. He felt her body sigh. She curled up into a ball against him, burying her face against his chest. Harry was worried. He had not considered the fact that Lyn might have nightmares. Considering her past he shouldn't have been surprised. It rattled him. Seeing her so scared; hearing her screams. It pierced him to the core. It was a part of her that he wished he could take away. Harry felt like he was discovering for the first time what fears had made up her past. She had told him about the abuse, but he had not fully understood. Now, the horror of it seemed to hit him full force. He felt her body trembling in his arms. Her breathing was still uneven. Harry cradled her small, shaking body to try to comfort her. "Lyn, I'm here. It's alright."

Lyn's chest was tight and she felt like her body was dead weight. Every muscle seemed to hurt and be too heavy to move. Her skin was sticky with sweat but she couldn't stop shivering. Hot shame burned in her throat. She had never wanted Harry to see her like this. She must have woken him. Lyn clung to him, afraid he wasn't real, and tried to calm her breathing. She was trying to push the nightmare out of her mind. After a time she croaked, "I'm sorry."

"Hey, don't say that. It's alright." Harry said. He ran his fingers along her back and felt her flinch. He quickly moved his hand into her hair instead. By her reaction he guessed her dream had involved her getting lashings across her back. He said, "I've had my fare share of nightmares too. It's alright."

Lyn considered for a moment that Harry was probably more familiar than her when it came to bad dreams. This seemed to calm her a bit. He understood what it was like to be trapped by unpleasant visions.

Harry wasn't sure what to say to her. She was still curled into a ball against him. Her hands were clenched against his t-shirt. "Was itâ€¦do you want to tell me?" Harry ventured. He felt her head shake no against him, but then he heard her quiet voice.

"Itâ€¦it was my fatherâ€¦"

Harry scowled and said, "Was he hurting you?" There was no verbal response from her but Harry felt the sobs rack her body and heard her breath catch in her throat. "It's alright. You're safe now. No one will hurt you here, I promise."

Lyn took a deep breath to steady herself and gasped, "It wasâ€¦it was so real..." She let out another sob as she said, "Oh, Harry, it was awful."

Harry let her cry a bit more. He held her close and let her purge her emotions. He still had not gotten a good look at her face. She was hiding it against his chest. "Shhhâ€¦it's alright." Harry's blood was boiling. He wanted to go find her father and curse the hell out of the bloody bastard! Lyn didn't deserve this. Harry swallowed his anger to avoid upsetting her more.

"I'm sorry I woke you." Her voice was muffled against him.

"You didn't. I couldn't sleep." Harry confessed. "Are you alright?" He felt her nod in the affirmative. Harry ventured, "Do you have these dreams a lot?"

Lyn shrugged and hiccupped, "A couple times a week." She knew he was no stranger to nightmares and asked, "Does it get better?"

"Sometimes, with time." Harry loosened his hold on her and gently rolled her onto her back so he could look at her. She was pale and her rosy face was wet from tears. Harry pushed back a few of the sweaty curls that had clung to her face. Her eyes were bloodshot and looked heavy.

Lyn knew he was looking her over to see if she was truly alright. She could only imagine how awful she must look. She shied away from his intense gaze and said in a small voice, "I'm fine. Really."

Harry reached his hand up and wiped away a stray tear from her chin. "You're beautiful."

Lyn couldn't help but choke on a laugh. She was positive she was anything but beautiful at that moment.

"You are!" Harry insisted.

Lyn sobered, "Harry, I'm not scarred. My back." She couldn't meet his gaze.

Harry knew what she was referring to. It broke his heart to know she worried so much about it. It didn't matter to him. He hated thinking that she didn't find herself attractive. She had to know it wouldn't make him love her any less. "Let me be the judge of that." Harry moved her so that she was facing his chest and was lying on her side again. Gently he let his hand find the bottom of the t-shirt she was wearing. His hand pushed under the material and made contact with her skin. Harry felt Lyn stiffen. Her skin broke out in goosebumps under his fingers. Eventually, his hand came to the center of her back. The tips of his fingers did slow circles over the raised scars that littered her skin. Holding her close he whispered, "Feels beautiful to me. Your skin is so soft." Lyn moved her head up so she could look at him. Harry bent his head down to reach her lips and kissed her softly. He said firmly, "Don't ever be sorry about this. It's not your fault."

Lyn breathed him in and settled her head on his chest. She could hear his heart pumping and feel the rise and fall of his breaths. "Will you stay with me?" She felt childish for asking but she didn't want to be alone. More than that, she didn't think she had the energy to move off of him. Her eyes were already closed when Harry responded by kissing the top of her head. "Always."

Over the next week Harry and Lyn continued to share a bed. They always started out in their own rooms but one of them would always end up seeking out the other sometime during the night. Harry often went to check on Lyn and even if she was sleeping soundly would gently crawl into bed beside her. One night Lyn awoke shaking from another bad dream. Longing for comfort, she quietly made her way to Harry's room. She tried not to wake him as she slid down beside him. Harry however, was not sleeping deeply and soon wrapped his arms around her. He could feel her body shivering. "Bad dream?" She burrowed against him and nodded her head. "It's alright. Just stay with me tonight." Harry was pleased that she had felt comfortable enough to seek him out when she needed him. There was no more talk. Harry simply held her close and waited for her body to relax. It was becoming routine for them.

Ron must have mustered up some courage from Harry, because just a week after school had been out Hermione and Ron invited Harry and Lyn to the Burrow for the day, where they announced their engagement. Mrs. Weasley was overjoyed for all of them and quickly set about making plans. Lyn suggested they hold a double wedding. Everyone jumped at the idea and it was decided that both couples would be wed on June 20th, just a week away. Mrs. Weasley, flew into a spinning tornado to get everything done in time. It was going to be a simple affair. The guest list was small. It included all the Weasley's of course, Hermione's parents, members of the Order, and some school friends. Evelyn was obviously not going to invite her parents. Since Lyn wouldn't have a father to give her away, Mr. Weasley gladly stepped up to do the honors. The Dursley's wouldn't have come, even if they had been invited, which they were not. Emotions and excitement ran high as the day soon approached.

It was a beautiful summer day, and the field behind the Burrow was pleasantly decorated with flowers, tents, and chairs. Ron and Harry where in an upstairs bedroom of the Burrow getting ready. Harry was nervously trying to flatten his hair.

"Give it up mate," Ron grinned. "It never lays flat and I doubt anyone expects it to. You look fine. How do I look?" Ron asked uncertainly as he struck a tall pose.

"You look simply dashing," Lyn said, closing the door behind her. Both men jumped in surprise at her sudden entrance. "Little jumpy? Not thinking of backing out are you? Because you know it would break Hermione's heart and I for one just won't allow it," Lyn teased, giving Ron a pat on the shoulder. Harry was momentarily stunned as Lyn gracefully walked around the room, her white dress flowing along behind her. The fabric of her dress was light and airy, swirling around her figure when she turned, accentuating her petite curves. Sheer, elegantly embroidered sleeves encased her long arms. Harry was pleased that she had decided to wear her hair down. Only the front was slightly pulled back and held in place by a glistening band of silver that matched her earrings. A few loose curls sat lightly against her temples and forehead. Harry had never seen anything so gorgeous. Under his intent gaze Lyn's cheeks became quite rosy and her eyes had never seemed brighter.

"What are you doing here? I thought we weren't supposed to see the brides until the ceremony, something about bad luck," Harry said while trying to fix his tie with fumbling hands.

"Oh please, I never was much good at following those kinds of rules," Lyn said happily, walking to Harry and fixing the tie herself. "Unfortunately, I couldn't convince Hermione of the foolishness of the tradition," Lyn said.

"You didn't tell me how I look," Harry teased her. Lyn stepped back and rubbed her chin, looking him over.

"You look quite handsome my dear," Lyn replied. "But it's your turn to admire me." Lyn smiled spun around, making her dress wrap elegantly around her.

"You look absolutely amazing Lyn." Harry pulled her in and gave her a kiss.

Ron cleared his throat. Lyn pulled away from Harry. "Yes, I better be going. See you in a few minutes. And Ron don't worry, Hermione is nervous too. But it's going to be wonderful!" Lyn said, giving Ron a quick, sisterly kiss on the cheek.

Evelyn was right, as she usually was. The day went off flawlessly. It was one of the most nerve racking and happiest moments of their lives. The ceremony had been heartfelt and sincere. Lyn had finally gotten her ring. Harry was pleased that it fit her. The jeweler had given him a skeptical look when he told him he needed a size 4 engagement ring. Harry had slipped it easily on to her slender finger. Their first kiss as husband and wife was innocent and sweet, and because of the audience, they both had ended up in a fit of joyous giggles. There was a lot of food and a lot of dancing. As the celebration drew out, Harry was finding it harder and harder to focus on being social with the guests. His eyes sought out his bride when she wasn't next to him and as he watched her dance with several people, his desire for her grew. As the sun was setting Harry came to stand next to Lyn as she was talking to Luna and her father. Harry circled her waist with his hand and whispered secretively into her ear, "I can't wait to get you out of that dress."

Lyn almost choked on her drink and her face blushed deeply. She felt her heart speed up. Recovering quickly she said, "Iâ€|thank you for coming. It was so nice to have you here." Lyn said to Luna and her father.

"Come along father. Harry and Lyn need a moment alone." Luna said in her usual ethereal voice. The two glided away to talk to Ginny and George.

Lyn turned around to face Harry, still blushing madly. She opened her eyes wide and tilted her head as if trying to scold him for catching her off guard with his remark. Harry only laughed and pulling her in for a kiss. "You're adorable."

Lyn looked at him slyly, "Yes, well, that may be butâ€|"

"You can't blame me." Harry interrupted, "You're the one that looks like a goddess in that dress." Harry kissed her again and said softly, "May I take my lady home?"

Lyn felt her legs go soft. He was smiling down at her with longing in his deep green eyes. She whispered, "One last dance with me, then I am all yours." Harry grinned deeply and led her to the dance

floor.

After both couples had their last dance the guests all gave them a big farewell, complete with fireworks, courtesy of Fred and George.

Harry and Lyn stepped through the fireplace at Grimmauld Place and Harry quickly swept up his new bride into his arms. Lyn let out a surprised laugh as her feet were literally swept out from under her. "What are you doing?"

"Carrying you across the threshold—or I will be once we reach our room." Harry smiled.

Lyn let out a nervous laugh. "You sure you want to carry me all the way up the stairs?" Lyn said.

"Of course! You are light as a feather my love." Harry said, kissing her forehead.

Lyn didn't doubt Harry's strength as he mounted the stairs with ease. She felt his hard muscles press into her back and legs, squeezing her gently. Lyn felt her heart start to pump hard with anticipation as Harry reached the bedroom and kicked open the door. Harry gently put Lyn back on her feet. He was delighted to hear her gasp as her eyes traveled over the room. Harry had wanted to do something special for her. With the help of Ginny the room had been transformed. The bed had a new, plump, light blue bedspread on it. The curtains were a sheer, blue and tan fabric that softened the room considerably. Every table, and windowsill was covered with bouquets of flowers in various varieties and colors. The affect took Lyn's breath away. "Wow—it's beautiful! How did you—"

"I had some help from a friend." Harry shrugged. He watched Lyn move to a vase of flowers and inhale deeply.

"Was this friend a girl by chance?" Lyn said with a smirk.

"Perhaps." Harry shrugged.

Lyn laughed then said with a teasing smile, "I'm not sure how I feel about another woman being in my husband's bedroom."

Harry laughed and moved to her with lightning speed. He took her by the waist and gently began kissing her as he slowly pushed her backwards. Harry gently pushed her back against the wall and leaned into her, deepening their kiss. When he pulled away he said, "I wouldn't worry about that. You're the one I chose. You're all I want." Harry kissed her lightly and whispered, "I love you—let me show you."

Lyn's heart quickened as she felt his warm breath graze her cheek. He pushed his body against hers and wrapped his hands around to her back and up into her hair. His lips crashed into hers with intense desire. Harry broke their kiss and said, "Turn around." Lyn did as he asked and she felt his fingers move her hair around to one shoulder. She heard him inhale deeply as his head bent to softly kiss her neck. "You always smell so good." Lyn felt goosebumps tingle along her body. Harry's hands slowly undid the buttons that trailed down the

back of her gown. Lyn grew a bit tense as his hands began to travel farther down her back and graze her exposed skin. Harry sensed her nervousness and in a desire to calm her whispered, "It's alright. We'll take it slow. I'll be ever so gentle." He then went back to kissing her neck. One hand encircled her waist protectively while the other hand pushed the shoulder of her dress down. His kisses followed. As Harry slowly slid the shoulders of her gown down and kissed her exposed skin he heard Lyn sigh and felt her body relax. Harry turned her around so he could see her face. She was flushed and biting her lower lip. Harry let his mouth find hers again. As they kissed Harry became aware of her hands pushing away his vest. He helped her remove it and before he could start kissing her again she said shyly, "You better get rid of that shirt too." Harry quickly obliged. Lyn found herself once again up against the wall with Harry's firm and naked chest pressing in on her. She breathed in the smell of his skin and let her hands wander around his muscular arms and back and into his thick hair. The feel of his bare skin under her hands set her body on fire. She became aware of Harry's gentle hands pulling her gown further down her arms as his hands sought out her curves. They became lost inside one another. Each inhaling the others essence. Their bodies seemed to instinctively know what the other needed and wanted. When at last their bodies had become one they fell into a blissful sleep.

29. Chapter 29

Time jumps a bit the next few chapters... this is so that I can get to my actual story I want to tell later on about Lyn and Harry. So, hang with me. Hope you guys are still enjoying. Send reviews please!

Chapter 29

It had been three months since Harry and Evelyn had been married. They were settling into married life easily. Harry had started training to become an Auror and Lyn had managed to get a job working for the Defensive Magic Department. Things were starting to fall into a pleasant routine.

Lyn was cooking dinner in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Her wand was waving every which way to make the potatoes peel themselves, the table to be set, and the soup to be stirred. When the soup sloshed over the edge of the pot Lyn quickly cleaned it up with another swish of her wand. She was feeling quite nervous at that moment. She wasn't sure how to go about telling Harry the news. What if he didn't want this? _We never expected this to happen so quickly,_ Lyn thought. She worried about the future. Much was still uncertain. Lyn heard the front door squeak open at Harry's arrival, and her heart started pounding.

Harry walked into the house to the smell of simmering soup and slightly burnt potatoes. He went into the kitchen and saw Lyn standing by the table filling glasses with pumpkin juice. Her cheeks were pink from the heat of the stove and a few curls that had escaped her ponytail laid gently on her forehead. Harry was glad to see that she was looking well. He had been worried about her recently. Lyn had been feeling tired a lot lately and she didn't seem to have much of an appetite. Harry hurried over to her and kissed her lightly, "Hello wife."

Lyn smiled. She hadn't gotten used to being called his wife yet, and it gave her goosebumps every time he said it. In fact, a few days after being married Harry was introducing her to the Head of the Auror Department and when Harry had said, 'This is my wife, Evelyn', She had such a look of surprise and delight that the man asked Lyn if she had been present at the wedding. Lyn had blushed and apologized to the man. Harry had found it highly amusing and adorable. He had proved it to her later that night.

The two sat down to eat and Harry could tell that something was on Lyn's mind. She was pushing her food around her plate and avoiding eye contact with him. "What are you thinking about?" Harry ventured.

"Well," Lyn said, her heart pounding, "What would you say if in a few months I took some time off work?"

"I thought you liked your job?" Harry said surprised.

"No, I do â€¦" Lyn was trying to find the words.

"But?" Harry prompted.

"But I think that I'd like to spend most of my time with the baby," Lyn said quietly.

At first it seemed that Harry had not heard what she had said, but soon his face changed to utter astonishment. "What?â€¦Did you say?...Are you?...Are we?..." Harry could do nothing but stammer. His brain was having trouble contemplating what Lyn was trying to tell him.

Lyn was not sure she liked his response and looking Harry in the eyes said, "Yes, I'm pregnant. You're going to be a father. We are going to be parents Harry." Lyn couldn't help but let a small smile cross her face. She hadn't believed it when the doctor had told her, but saying the words out loud to her husband made it all seem real.

Harry just sat for a while staring into Lyn's glistening blue eyes. Then to Lyn's surprise, Harry leapt from his chair. Before Lyn knew what had happened, Harry had lifted her into his arms, holding her close. Harry stood back and looked into his wife's face. She never looked so beautiful to him.

"Then it's alright?" Lyn asked smiling.

"Yes! This is wonderful news," Harry said. Then his face changed from joy to an expression of worry. "You're alright aren't you?"

"Of course I am. The doctor said everything was normal. And if you think you can push me around and make me sit with my feet up for nine months, then you have another thing coming." Lyn laughed and gave Harry a big hug. "Sorry about the potatoes being a little over done, but I had other things on my mind."

Harry kissed her passionately and said, "Of course my love."

Harry was still in a bit of shock over the news. He could see the

happiness in Lyn's face and wasn't about to ruin that. However, Harry felt as if another weight had been loaded on his shoulders. Now he had to worry about protecting a child as well as his precious wife. The war was still going on. Things were getting worse by the day. It was only a matter of time before Harry would have to face Voldemort. If anything happened to his family Harry wasn't sure he would be able to live with himself.

Five months into Lyn's pregnancy Hermione announced that she too was expecting a child. Ron and Harry often found their wives sitting together discussing 'baby things'. To their great relief they were not invited to join in. While their wives discussed the future with children, Harry and Ron often discussed the war and its impending effect on both their lives.

A few months went by and Lyn was due to have their baby in just two weeks' time. She had quit her job at the ministry, which made Harry rather anxious. When Lyn was at the Ministry he could pop in on her and see how she was doing. Now, he had to send about ten owls a day to her at home. Harry had enjoyed watching his wife's stomach become rounder and rounder with each passing month. These days her stomach was quite large and Harry could tell that Lyn was uncomfortable. She had taken to waddling when she walked and her back was arched at such an angle that Harry was surprised she could stand at all. Sleeping was proving almost impossible for both of them. Lyn tossed and turned with aches and pains and Harry was a fit of nerves. They had discovered that the child was a girl and upon discussing names Evelyn had said, "What if we name her after your mother?" Harry had been touched deeply by the thought and readily agreed.

On a cold February night Harry was roughly awoken by Lyn shaking his shoulder, gasping, "Harry, it's time."

Harry jumped out of bed and began gathering their stuff. He helped Lyn down the stairs. It was a slow process. They had to pause several times while pain wracked Lyn's body as each contraction hit her. They used the floo to get to St. Mangos. Just four hours later, at 5am that morning, Harry became the proud father of a beautiful baby girl named Lily Amelia Potter.

A few months later Hermione gave birth to a little boy named John Arthur Weasley.

Harry stood in his room at Grimmauld Place rocking his 6 month old daughter to sleep. Her tiny little body was curled up against his chest. He could hardly believe it was real. His gaze went to the bed where Lyn was sleeping soundly. She looked more beautiful to him now than the day she had married him. Harry had been in awe at the strength of his wife while bringing their child into the world. All his happiness was because of her. A deep love and contentment settled on Harry in that moment. For now, life was perfect. It would not, however, remain so.

30. Chapter 30

Chapter 30

Almost a year later, all hell had broken loose in the wizarding world. Voldemort had regained his full power and began a more active

assault. Voldemort had actively sought Harry out. In an attempt to avoid his daughter being caught in the cross fire, Harry had willingly given himself up. The battle that eventually took place between them was nothing short of horrifying. It had seemed hopeless. Harry had been more scared than he could ever remember. Both sides fought for their lives. As the battle raged, and chaos and panic were thick in air, Harry did his best to keep the fire directed toward him. His training as an Auror was helping him stay alive but he knew time was short. With a quick glance around at the mass of wizards fighting each other, and the wounded littering the ground, Harry saw his wife. As hard as Harry tried he couldn't keep her from fighting by his side. She was battling two Death Eaters at once. She was doing an excellent job of it but Harry could see her tiring. He ran to her and shouted her name. Before he could reach her, his heart stopped as he watched her fall to the ground. Running toward her he was suddenly blocked, by Voldemort himself. Voldemort met him with his usual self-confident sneer. Both of them knew that this was the long awaited moment. One of them would die. Light burst through both wands. Something inside of Harry snapped. He could feel the rage, anger and desperation boiling inside of him. He had to win. He had to do it for Lyn. He had no idea if she was dead or injured. Not being able to get to her sent a fierce surge of hatred through Harry's body. As he faced Voldemort, his only thought was of getting to Lyn. Voldemort became nothing more to Harry's mind than an obstacle keeping him from his happiness. In that moment things suddenly seemed simple to Harry. As he dodge a swift curse, Harry met Voldemort head on. The spells were uttered, the lights clashed and burned together. Harry's mind was full of images of Lyn; her laughing at him, her racing him through the grass, her singing to their baby. Then there was a scream of agony as Voldemort fell, never to rise again. The battle still rang in Harry's ears. Each side was still realizing what had just happened. Shouts of joy and horror filled the air as some ran, some pursued, and others stood in shock. Harry nearly collapsed, but gathered what little strength he had left, and managed to limp his way over to his wife. She was unconscious but breathing. He slumped down next to her and fell into the blackness.

The death toll was high, higher than anyone had predicted. The battle was hard won. Both Harry and Lyn were transported to St. Mungos. Both had sustained serious injuries. It took them two weeks to be released. Both had new scars to attest to their fight. Ron and Hermione had also been injured but not as severely. Though Ron would never again regain full use of his left hand.

The war was over for the most part. Though now the messy part of rounding up Death Eaters and sentencing those who were caught began. Some surrendered. But most were doing their best to evade capture. Eight months passed in which Harry spent as much time as possible with his family. It had been a miracle that they had survived. Harry was back at work as a fully trained Auror and was assisting in rounding up the last of the Death Eaters. Lyn's parents were among those that were unaccounted for.

Evelyn was anxious about her parents. Her stomach would clench up when she thought of them. She tried not to worry Harry. He had enough to deal with, but she could tell that he was not at ease either. Both knew that with Lyn's parents still missing there was a chance that their family would be targeted. Lyn knew her parents would be beyond angry at the down fall of Voldemort. The fact that she, and her husband especially, had been the cause of it did not bode well for

them. Lyn knew they would seek revenge, as so many other Death Eaters had tried to do over the past months. Lyn tried to take comfort in the fact that Voldemort was dead, and her family was safe. She and Harry had begun making plans to build a home near the Burrow. Grimmauld Place had been for hiding and with Voldemort gone and most of the Death Eaters captured, they had hope of living in peace with their friends. Evelyn concentrated her energies on raising their daughter. Lily had gotten Evelyn's full head of curls but had Harry's piercing emerald eyes. The little girl was nearly three now and the joy of her parent's lives. Lyn choked back the feeling that things were not over between the Death Eaters and her family.

31. Chapter 31

Chapter 31

A couple of weeks went by without too much incident. Harry continued his work as an Auror and had successfully captured another three Death Eaters. Evelyn was enjoying the afternoon at the Burrow with Hermione, Mrs. Weasley, and Ginny. They were gathered in the warm, comfortable living room watching Lily and John play. They got on pleasantly enough, as long as Lily wasn't stealing John's toy from him, and John wasn't pulling Lily's hair. Their squeals of laughter and play echoed through the house. Harry and Ron were expected to arrive soon for dinner. Ginny was home from Ireland, where she taught charms at the wizarding school there. The purpose of tonight's dinner was to welcome her home.

"Sorry he's late. He has made a habit of visiting his parents' graves on Friday evenings. He likes to make sure they stay clean and the flowers are fresh. He should be here soon though," Lyn apologized.

"That's alright. The dinner will keep for a while before it gets burnt," Hermione replied without concern. "It seems Ron is running a bit late as well."

As Hermione said this Ron came bursting in the door and was greeted by the squeals of the children, who quickly put him in a leg lock. "Hey everybody, what smells so good? I'm starved." Ron declared.

"As soon as Harry gets here we can eat," Hermione announced as she moved to kiss her husband.

The minutes ticked by, and still Harry had not arrived. Evelyn was getting nervous. A shriek of anger and the cries of a distressed child reached Lyn's ears and she went into the living room to find Lily trying to rip Johnny's ear off. The little boy was doing his best to fight her off by tugging at her curls. Lyn picked up her daughter and was preparing to give her a stern talking to when her eyes came to focus on the clock. It was the clock the Weasleys had had for years. Instead of numbers, there were destinations and the many hands corresponded to each family member. Three new hands had been added to the clock in the last year. The faces of Evelyn, Harry, and Hermione were now a part of the clock. Evelyn saw that Harry was traveling and with a sigh of relief turned her attention back to the disciplining of her rather active daughter. When Lily had apologized to a watery eyed Johnny, Lyn looked around as if expecting to see Harry standing there.

"He should be here by now," Lyn said.

"Maybe he was traveling to the graveyard instead of here," Hermione commented.

Lyn's eyes again, turned swiftly to the clock and what she saw made her heart pound painfully inside her chest. Harry's picture was pointed to the spot marked, Mortal Danger. Lyn reacted immediately. She raced to grab her cloak and her wand. "Stay here," Lyn ordered.

"No, we have to come!" Hermione insisted.

Lyn grabbed her quickly by the shoulders and said forcefully, "No. There might end up being trouble here too. Please, just watch the children. It's going to be alright." Turning to her daughter Evelyn crouched down to Lily's level and hugging her daughter tightly said, "Stay with aunt Hermione alright? Mama has to go help daddy. I'll be back soon. I love you." She kissed the little girl, and ran out the door.

Lyn thought she knew what to expect. She had tried to tell Harry that her parents were not going to go down easily but he hadn't fully assimilated the information. How could he? He had not lived with them. Harry had defeated Voldemort, so what were a few Death Eaters? But Lyn knew better. Her parents were skilled and knowledgeable in the Dark Arts. Her own mother had gone about experimenting with spells, ancient rituals, and incantations. She had succeeded in to creating a few nasty spells that even Voldemort never knew about. With her hands shaking and her heart pounding, Lyn apparated to the spot she knew Harry would be.

REVIEW PLEASE! I hate sending this stuff out there and having no idea what anyone think about it. Love it? Hate it? SPEAK TO ME! :)

End
file.